LOOK

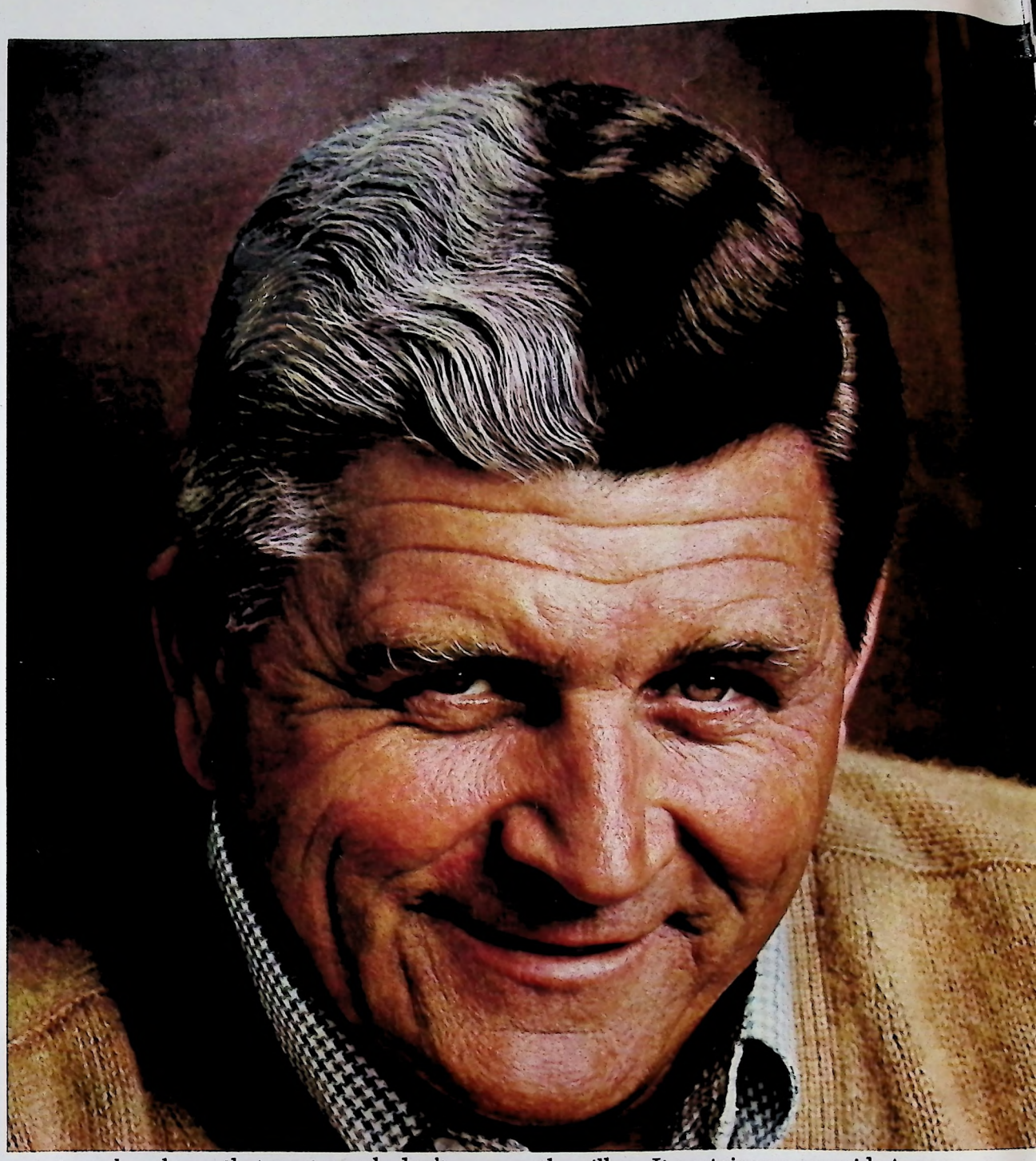
50 CENTS · JANUARY 24, 1967

THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT

BY WILLIAM MANCHESTER

Beginning the most personal, detailed and unexpected account of the assassination. The only book Mrs. John F. Kennedy asked to be written about her husband.

Put your hand over the gray half and see how much younger I look.



Cover the gray hair in the photo and the years go. Cover the dark hair and the years come clumping back.

Young/old/young/old/young/old young/old—it happens every time you shift your hand. Which goes to prove just one thing. Gray hair makes you look older. And dark hair makes you look younger.

But we suspect you've known that all along. Then how come you didn't do something about it before now?

We suspect you know the answer to that one, too.

The embarrassment.

The funny feeling that doing something to your gray was too flashy, too "show biz," not for a "regular fellow."

More Men Than You Think

It may have been true ten years ago that only a few actors colored their hair. But since then a minor, and somewhat surprising, revolution has taken place. Today it's estimated that over 2,000,000 men from all walks of life have broken with tradition and have done something about their gray hair —bankers, farmers, longshoremen, teachers and police officers do it. Without blushing.

They all have one thing in common: they don't want to look old before their time.

GREAT DAY® For Men

Now, finally there's a product designed especially for men—a product that won't embarrass you in any way. Great Day.® With Great Day you can do a little or a lot. You can handle your gray-hair problem in the way that's most comfortable for you. By varying the application time, you can take out just a *little* of the gray. Or slowly evolve to a full, rich, natural-looking color over a period of time. Or you can take the plunge all at once—and make the complete change in one sitting. You can do it in the privacy of your own bathroom, or in any good barbershop. Without any of the worries.

We Give It To You Straight

Great Day works like a shampoo. Once every two weeks or so, you pour it on—*—straight from the bottle.* (No mixing.) Lather it in, let it sit, rinse it off. No complications.

Nobody Notices

Great Day doesn't change your natural hair color. It only works on the gray. The change is subtle. Amazingly, even though *you're* very conscious of what you've done, experience has shown that most people don't even notice the difference in color. Only the effect. "Say, Charley, you look great. Did you lose weight or something?"

Your Pillow Won't Talk

Great Day goes inside your gray hair shafts. So it can't rub off on your collar, or on the pillow. It contains no peroxide in any form. It doesn't harm your hair in any way. (Actually, it leaves your hair in better condition.) It doesn't affect the texture of your hair at all. But just by making it darker, it does make it look somewhat fuller. (Nobody will mind *that* extra benefit.)

#757 LIGHT / MEDIUM BROWN
GREAT DAY®
FROM CLAIROL RESEARCH
A Man's Way to Remedy Gray*
GREAT DAY®
Color Lotion from Clairol Research
A Man's Way to Remedy Gray*

Great Day is made by Clairol, the world's leading authority on women's haircoloring. Now, after years of laboratory work and thousands of tests on gray-haired men, Clairol can say, "Hair color so natural only his *barber* knows for sure."™ And unless your barber applied it to your hair himself, even *he* won't be absolutely certain.

Muster up your courage a little—and do something about your gray hair.

It's nice to look young.

*TM ©1966, Clairol Inc.

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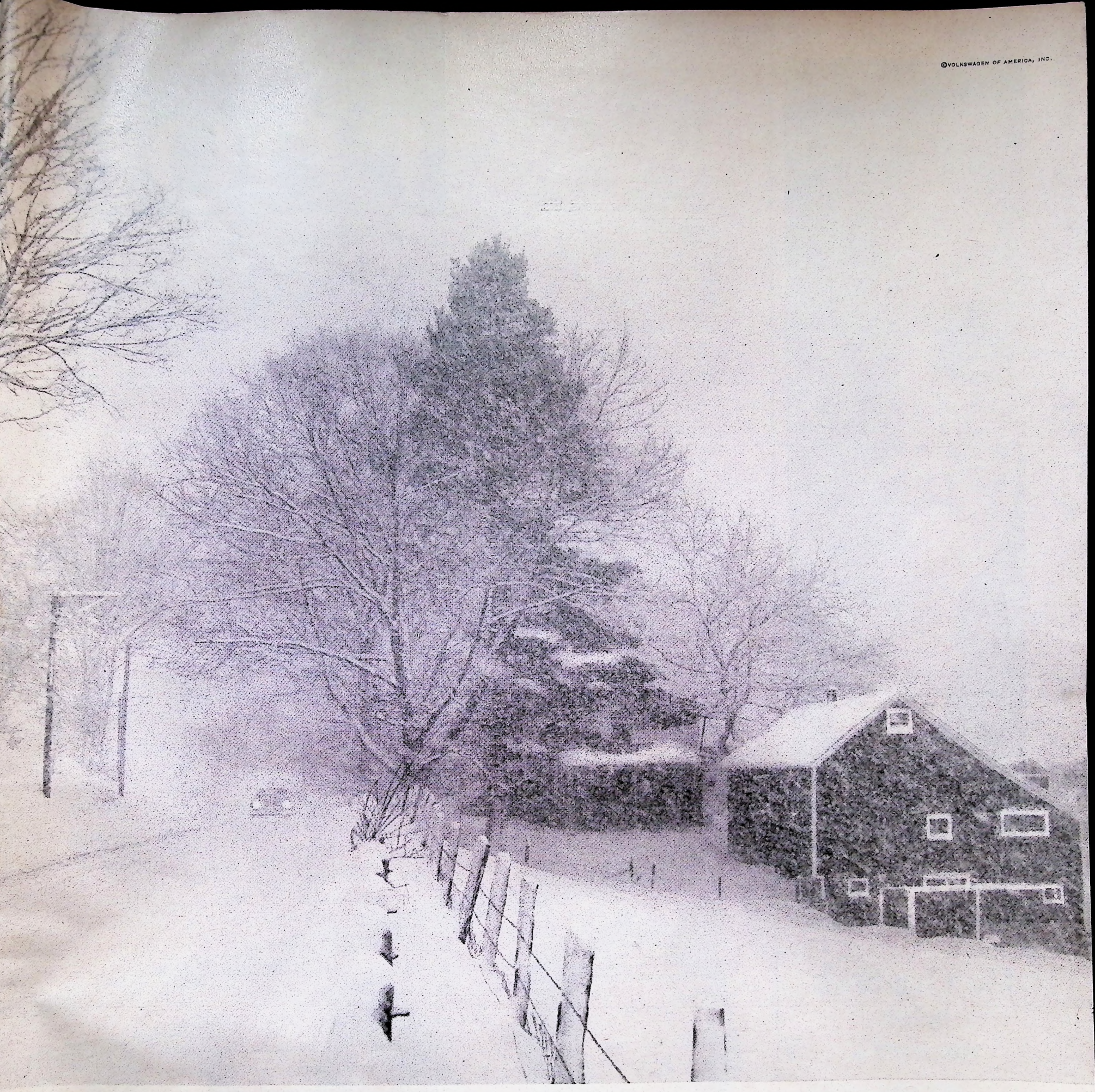

Pick the right day to test drive a VW and you'll have the road to yourself.

Back when the weather was better, everybody was inviting you to come in and test drive their new whatevers.

But now that the weather isn't so hot (and a test drive is really a test), the invitations have dropped off sharply.

Now maybe you can spare a little time to try out the new Volkswagen.

Not right this minute. Wait for a nice lousy day. The next time it's snowing or slushing or something like that, drive down to your VW dealer. (If you can make it in your car.)

He'll be happy to take you out and show you how a Volkswagen works when hardly anything else does.

How the weight of the motor on the rear wheels makes the VW dig in and go, in the snow or the mud, or even on ice.

As you pass all the stranded cars that passed their test drives in balmier days, he'll tell you about the VW's other cold-weather comforts.

The air-cooled motor. It doesn't freeze over, so it doesn't need anti-freeze or a winter thermostat.

And if you have to leave the car out on a cold wet night, it's got four coats of paint and a sealed bottom to keep it cozy.

You've even got an edge with a Volkswagen if the worst happens and you get stuck.

What could be easier to push?

**Pardon me...
but your lips are showing.**

Use 'Chap Stick' before you need it.

Look at your lips. Are they as smooth as they can be? Or aren't they kinda dry . . . kinda wrinkled? 'Chap Stick' lip balm helps you prevent all that. Keeps your lips comfortably moist and smooth. And keeps away chapping, cracking, roughness. Wherever you are, your lips are showing. So put on 'Chap Stick' protection, and smile like you mean it!

Use 'Chap-ans' for hands
BOTH ARE FAVORITES IN CANADA

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If you catch your cold early with Contac—and keep up the Contac throughout your cold—you can head off these bothersome symptoms *before* they take over. You may never even feel the worst part of your cold.

Get Contac at your pharmacy. And try taking it early. You'll be amazed at how much of your miserable cold you can miss.

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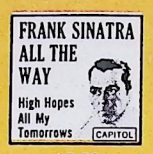

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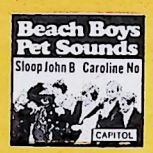

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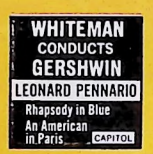

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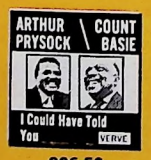

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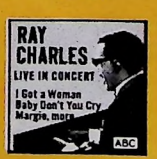

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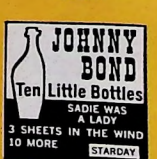

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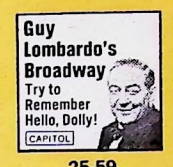

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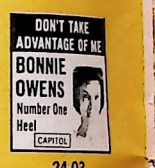

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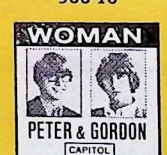

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This amazing trial membership plan lets you choose ten records now and order as many current hit albums as you want over the coming months. In this way you can obtain the very latest albums on top labels for an average of $2.09 each plus shipping. Then, if you continue as a member, you may even obtain records for an average of $1.99 each plus shipping. Here's how:

First of all, as a trial member you get 10 records free if you buy one now and agree to buy only ten more within the next year. It adds up to 21 records for the price of 11. Averaged out, it brings the cost of $3.98 records, for example, down to only $2.09 plus shipping.

And now, in addition, the Club has a new bonus plan which brings your average cost per record down even lower! For every record you buy after you have fulfilled your trial membership you will receive a valuable bonus certificate. Save six of these and exchange them for *another six records free*. Averaged out, this brings the cost of $3.98 records down to only $1.99 plus shipping.

Many other benefits too! A new *big* Club magazine filled with news and pictures of top stars and their latest hit albums. A wide range of choice—over 300 records a month to choose from. Charge privileges. Read more about these benefits on the bound-in card. Then indicate the 10 records you want *free* and your first selection on the postpaid reply card, detach, and mail.

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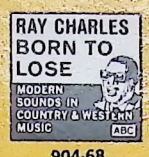

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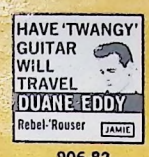

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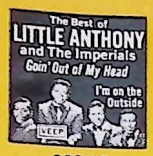

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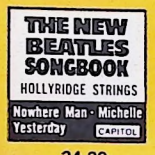

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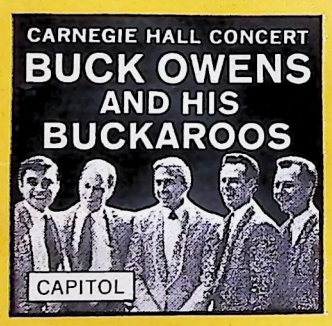

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How would you like to be the guy who bought the last car you traded in?

And yours might have been in pretty good shape compared with a lot of them. Most people don't trade a car in until something serious goes wrong.

Of course, used car dealers usually take care of something like that in one way or another. One way is to fix it. That's what Volkswagen dealers do. And you can be sure they do it very well because they guarantee their used cars.

The Volkswagen used car guarantee covers everything that makes the car tick. Engine. Transmission. Rear axle. Front axle assemblies. Brake system. Electrical equipment. For 30 days or 1,000 miles (whichever comes first), a VW dealer will repair or replace anything that goes wrong in any of these areas. At absolutely no cost to you.

You're covered during the period when anything wrong with the car usually shows up. That gives you something important that you don't always get with a used car.

Peace of mind.

We hope that's worth something to you, because it's going to cost you a few dollars more. Not much, considering how much money a VW dealer puts into every car he puts a guarantee sticker on.

The car gets inspected and tested. Then everything that needs fixing gets fixed. Very carefully, since every dealer knows that anything that goes out a little wrong will come back very wrong.

If you're thinking "that's all very nice but I don't want to buy a used Volkswagen," don't go away. To sell a Volkswagen, a VW dealer usually has to buy something else. So he probably has whatever kind of used Something Else you're looking for.

Try him. He might give you a much better buy on a Something Else than a Something Else Dealer.

This car has passed our 16-point safety and performance test.

Look for this sticker and you won't get stuck.

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What happens when you change to modern flameless electric heat?

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Automatic flameless heating offers you the widest variety of systems to choose from, many with individual room temperature control.

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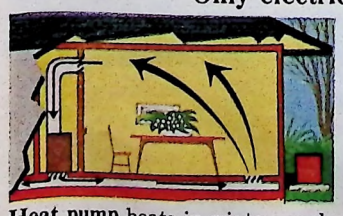
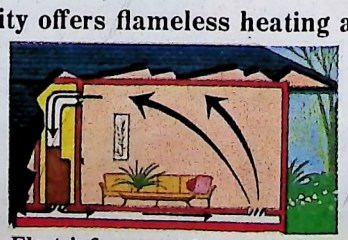
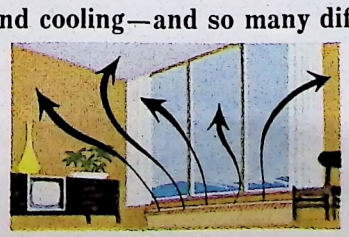


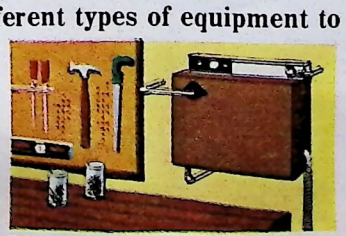
Heat pump heats in winter, cools in summer. One setting keeps any desired year-round temperature.



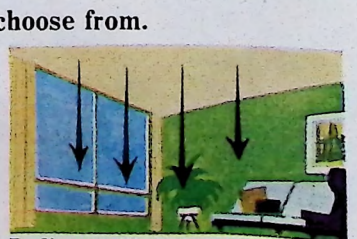
Electric furnace with air filter. Combines with cooling and humidity control for year-round comfort.



Electric baseboards save space, blend with room decor. Permit individual room temperatures.



Electric boiler is suitcase size. Hangs on wall. Circulates hot water through baseboard units.



Radiant ceiling heating is invisible. Each room's temperature can be individually controlled.

"We want to test your writing aptitude"

If you have ever wanted to write, here is an opportunity to find out if you have talent worth developing. Take this revealing Aptitude Test created by 12 famous authors

By Gordon Carroll

If you want to write, my colleagues and I would like to test your writing aptitude. We'll help you find out if you can be trained to become a successful writer.

We know that many men and women who could become writers – and *should* become writers – never do. Some are uncertain of their talent and have no reliable way of finding out if it's worth developing. Others, who are surer of their ability, simply can't get top-notch professional training without leaving their homes or giving up their jobs.

A plan to help others

Several years ago, we decided to do something about this problem. We started the Famous Writers School to help promising beginners everywhere acquire the skill and craftsmanship it takes to break into print . . . to pass on to them our own techniques for achieving success and recognition.

Over many months, we poured everything we knew about writing into a new kind of professional training course – which you take at home and in your free time. The course begins with the fundamentals of good writing upon which every successful writing career must be built. Then you get advanced training in the specialty of your choice—Fiction, Non-Fiction, Advertising Writing or Business Writing. You learn step-by-step.

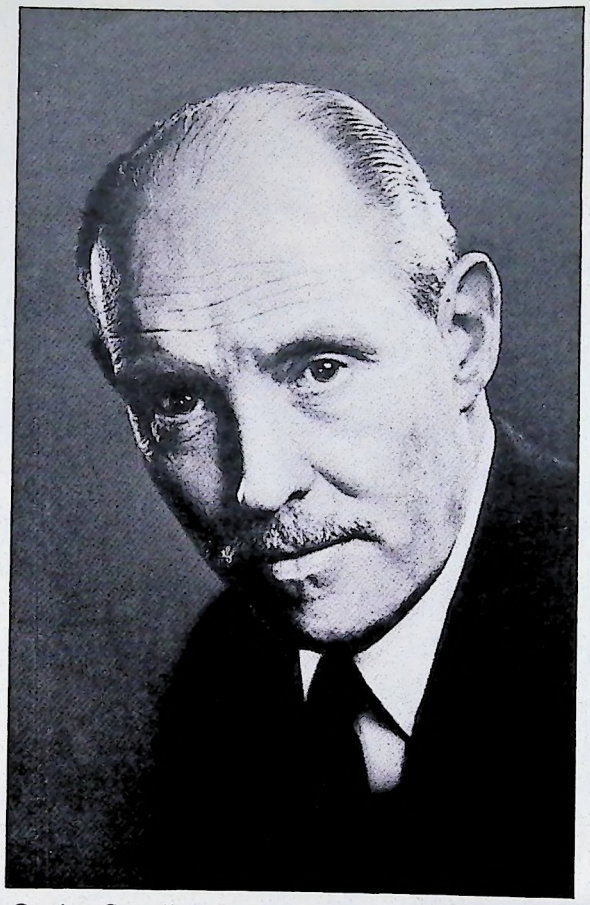
Every writing assignment you return to the School is carefully examined by instructors who are themselves professional writers or editors, working under the guidance of the 12 Famous Writers who developed the course.

You are a class of one

Your instructor goes over your work line by line, word by word, blue-penciling his changes on your manuscript, much as an editor does with an established author. Then he returns it with a long letter of advice and guidance on how to improve your writing. While this writer-instructor is appraising your work, nobody else competes for his attention. You are, literally, a class of one.

Photo: Philippe Halsman

Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff. Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling.



Gordon Carroll has spent a lifetime helping writers break into print. He is a former editor of the *Reader's Digest, Time, Inc.* and *Coronet* – and has been Director of the Famous Writers School since its founding in 1960.

Students breaking into print

This training works well. Our students have sold their writing to more than 100 publications, including *True, Ladies' Home Journal, Popular Science, Redbook* and *Good Housekeeping*.

Doris Agee of San Mateo, Cal., says, "The view from this part of the world – the top – is indescribable. I've just received a big, beautiful check from the *Reader's Digest* for a 'Most Unforgettable Character' piece. There's no question about it, without the Famous Writers School, the article would never have been written."

Steven Novak of Wayne, N. J., announces, "I've just received the good news and a check from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* for my story. All in all – I've had a pretty good six months; that's the eleventh story I've sold."

William W. Blanks of Los Angeles, Cal., who enrolled with virtually no writing experience reports, "Recently, I've sold three more articles, which means that I've sold everything I've written since enrolling in your School."

"Thanks to your training," writes Arthur Emerson of Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., "I was able to leave my job as a gas station attendant and become a writer for a large company in my area."

"When I enrolled in your Course, I was an unpublished writer," reports Sharon Wagner of Mesa, Arizona. "Since then, I have made 18 sales, including a novelette, and I now live on my writing income."

Norma Nelson of Capitola, Cal., writes, "Many wonderful things have happened to me since I started studying writing at home with Famous Writers School. I submitted my 'Harbor Lights' column to the Santa Cruz paper, and it has been running weekly ever since. The rewards are so many, I just can't thank you enough."

Mrs. Helen Burn of Baltimore praises "the patient consideration of everyone in the School. Since starting the Course, I have earned more than four times the cost of tuition."

Marguerite J. Fraser of Ontario, Canada says she received $250 and became a "local celebrity" when her first article was accepted for publication by the *Toronto Daily Star*.

Robert Lory of Richmond, Va., sold a short story to *Fantasy and Science Fiction* Magazine only a few months after he started his training. He had tried to "crack" this market for two years.

Margie Zimmerman, a Philadelphia housewife, has sold six children's books to Little Gems, plus a complete series of animal stories. "You've taught me to write professionally," she says.

Doris Stebbins of South Coventry, Conn., writes, "Your Course made it possible for me to sell six articles to *Woman's Day* for $2,050."

Eileen Thompson Panowski, a Los Alamos, N. M., mother of four, who took up writing when her children showed signs of becoming self-sufficient, has had four young people's books published by Abelard-Schuman. One of her books was recently nominated "best juvenile mystery of the year" by the Mystery Writers of America.

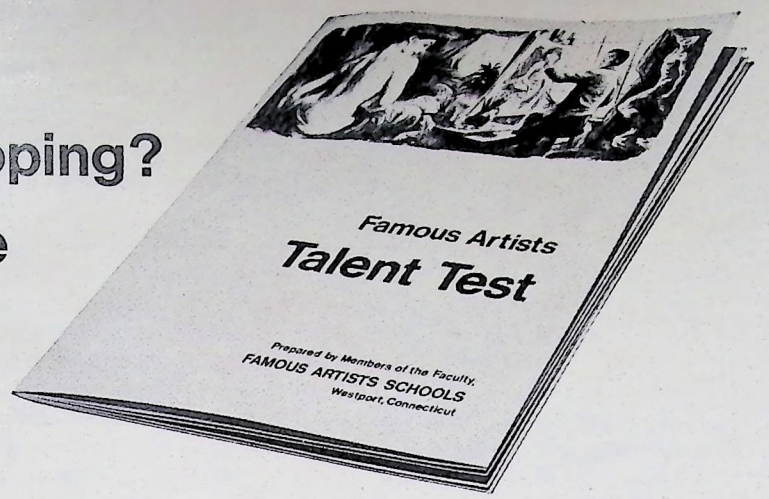
Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, our students find great intangible rewards in writing for publication. As Faith Baldwin has said, "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

Writing Aptitude Test offered

To find other men and women with ability worth developing, my colleagues and I have devised a revealing writing Aptitude Test. The postage-paid card next to this page will bring you a copy, along with a 48-page illustrated brochure describing the Famous Writers School.

When you return the Test, it will be graded without charge by a member of our staff. If you do well on the Test – or offer other evidence of writing aptitude – you may enroll for professional training by the School. However, you are under no obligation to do so. (If card is missing, please write to Famous Writers School, Dept. 6054, Westport, Connecticut 06880. Give your name, address, age and ask for writing Aptitude Test.)

Do you have art talent worth developing? Take this free aptitude test and see



A group of famous artists wants to test your talent. If you pass, it could mean the beginning of a whole new life for you

If you have ever wondered whether you had art talent, here is your opportunity to find out.

The founders of Famous Artists School have put together what many artists and educators consider to be the most revealing test of art ability ever devised. It is offered to you free of charge.

Designed for people uncertain of their ability

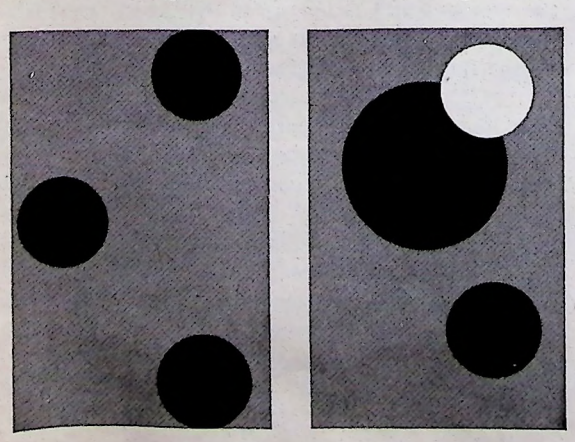
The people who take this Art Talent Test are of all ages and occupations—housewives, teachers, policemen, dentists, secretaries, salesmen, farmers, mechanics. Most of them have little or no previous art training. By professional standards, their drawings may be awkward and amateurish. But the ones who possess the precious gift of art talent reveal this talent in many ways. Through simple little exercises, they show the inborn sense of design, the feeling for composition, the ability to observe, and the lively imagination which are such important ingredients of art talent.

The reliability of this method of screening, as well as the effectiveness of the training has been proven again and again by the impressive record of success of our students and graduates.

They passed the test and went on to become successful artists

When James Ryan took the Art Talent Test, he was a clerk, "stuck" in a low-pay routine job. Today he's an illustrator at Hughes Aircraft—and pours out a steady stream of free-lance art work in his spare time. Kathleen Gironda went from a salesgirl in a department store to a fashion illustrator and advertising artist in the same store. Irving Lowery, a New York policeman, has received several commissions to paint portraits, including one of a well-known judge. Virgina Bartter, a farmer's wife and mother of three, now sells just about everything she paints. These are just a few of the literally hundreds of "success stories" in our files.

So if you love to sketch or dabble in paints—and have often wondered if you "have what it takes" to become a well-paid commercial artist or spare-time professional painter—why not seize this opportunity to find out? All you need is a pencil and a half-hour of your time. For someone with your special interest, it will be one of the most intriguing and enjoyable half-hours you ever spent.



How good is your inborn sense of design?

Can you select the superior composition?

What the Talent Test covers

For instance, in the first part of the test you will be asked to look at ten pairs of simple designs made up of squares, circles, lines, triangles, and other shapes. In each of the ten pairs, one design has a feeling of "rightness" about it that the other lacks. Can you pick the right one?

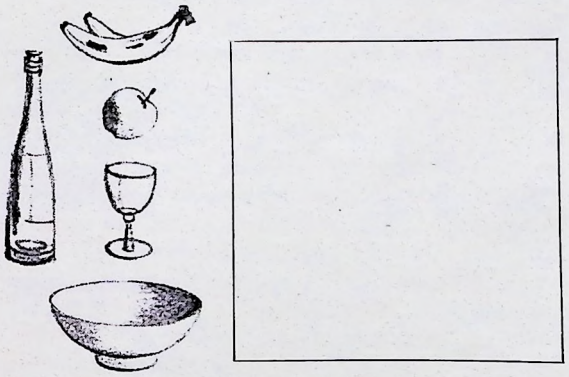
Then you will see twenty pairs of pictures which are almost identical. But in each pair, one of the pictures is an exact reproduction of the original painting; and the other has a subtle difference. Without being told which is the original, you will be asked to check which composition in each pair you find more pleasing.

Your test is graded free

To test your ability to observe, you will be asked to study a completed sketch and then take your pencil and finish an incomplete version of the same picture. To uncover how imaginative you are, you will sketch an amusing or surprising addition to an interesting situation. In similar ways your instinctive feeling for mood, form, facial expressions, textures, characterizations, and so on will be tested.

When you complete the test and mail it back, it will then be graded by a member of the School's staff who is especially experienced in spotting art talent. If you receive a passing grade (and we must warn you that many don't), or can offer sufficient evidence of art talent, you will then be eligible to enroll. You may choose whichever of our courses is best suited to your goals.

These courses were especially designed for talented people who can't leave their families or jobs for resident art training away from home. The 12 famous artists who started the School over 18 years ago contributed all their lifetime secrets of craftsmanship and art technique into what they believe to be the finest art lessons ever created. They took time out from their own busy careers and made thousands of special drawings to demonstrate each point. Then they devised, and actively supervise, a method of constructive criticism that is as personal as tutoring. Your instructor, who is himself required to be a practicing professional artist of proven accomplishment, spends up to several hours on just one of your assignments. He actually draws or paints his suggestions for improvement, and then "talks" to you by letter, dictating a long, friendly message of specific advice and encouragement.



Could you create a harmonious still life?

You will receive an interesting brochure about our School and its revolutionary methods along with your free Art Talent Test. If you have ever dreamed of success in art, and wondered if it were possible for you to achieve it, why not mail the attached postpaid card for both the Talent Test and the brochure right now? (If card is missing, write to Famous Artists School, Department 5313, Westport, Conn. 06880. Give your name, address, age, and ask for Art Talent Test.)

They started the Famous Artists School—From left to right, standing: Albert Dorne, Ben Stahl; seated: Fred Ludekens, Norman Rockwell, Stevan Dohanos, Jon Whitcomb, Harold Von Schmidt, Al Parker, Peter Helck, Austin Briggs, Robert Fawcett and George Giusti.

Looking around with Zinsser

Instant culture

HERE IT IS BARELY 1967, and the big news in American culture is that Leonard Bernstein will retire as conductor of the New York Philharmonic in the spring of 1969. Some people may find this news slightly premature. Not me. As I start a regular column on entertainment and the arts, it's a great comfort to know that there will always be something to write about.

Fads will come and go in the next 28 months—never in our pop culture, in fact, have they been coming and going faster—but Lennie will still be hard at work retiring. The "farewell concerts" should begin any day now, guest conductors will be appraised for their glamour quotient as possible heirs to the throne, and all conversation will point toward that far-off April when the maestro lays down his baton and becomes "laureate conductor"—a title created as expressly for him as "king" was created for Julius Caesar and, as every schoolboy knows, thrice refused.

Even then the saga will not be over. For we will all want to know—won't we?—what does a laureate conductor *do?* That's a story for the winter of 1970. And still there is more. Bernstein said that he made his decision because "a time is arriving in my life when I must concentrate maximally on composing. . . ." Surely, then, we will be eager to hear—in, say, 1971—what he has maximally composed. Speaking for myself (as that is who I am speaking for), I hope he composes another Broadway score as good as *West Side Story.*

So let us leave Lennie for a moment, knowing that we can come back to him if the waters get rough. And they will. On that vast and churning ocean known as "the culture boom," almost nothing else is calm, and the wind blows from a different direction every hour. Today's "in" art form is out tomorrow, today's hot artist is quick to cool. Even Sean Connery has ceased to hold America in total addiction, and if I try to visualize the cultural scene in April of 1969, the only "personalities" I can still see intact, unshaken by the gales of change, are Guy Lombardo, Ed Sullivan, Lawrence Welk and Mary Martin. The Beatles? *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* already has the mellow quality of a Glenn Miller hit. Pop art? Andy Warhol's Brillo boxes begin to look as quaint as Whistler's "Mother."

What has arrived, in short, is the age of instant nostalgia. Today, when America's 20-year-olds feel sentimental, when they want to evoke their vanished youth, they put on the records of Elvis Presley and Paul Anka. In 1969, they will be pining over The Supremes and The Mamas & the Papas, and Bob Dylan will be as venerable as Robert Frost—a laureate folk singer, left with his memories of the protest songs that stirred the country back in 1964.

Those songs, heard on the radio now, seem almost as remote as Clifford Odets's social-message plays of 30 years ago. As proof of their antiquity, when disk jockeys play a "golden oldie" on WMCA, New York radio's pop weather vane, that golden oldie is not a Sinatra standard, as anyone over 40 might suppose, but *If I Had a Hammer.* Protest is out and pot is in. Or was that last week? This week it's psychedelic. Next week, who knows? Maybe the books of Marshall McLuhan set to the music of raga rock and lit by Robert Rauschenberg.

Marshall McLuhan, of course, is . . . well, everybody knows who McLuhan is. He's the prophet who says that the printed word is through and that our minds have become mere screens to receive visual impressions from TV and other media. Raga rock, of course, is the *sitar* music of India grafted on to rock 'n' roll to create a new effect because pure rock 'n' roll is beginning to sound a little old. Rauschenberg, of course, is the eminent artist who became bored with painting and is now trying to harness art to theater and engineering. Recently, he staged a "theater piece" that consisted of an actual tennis game, played with rackets that were electronically wired. Every shot produced a sound that turned off a light until at last the hall was dark.

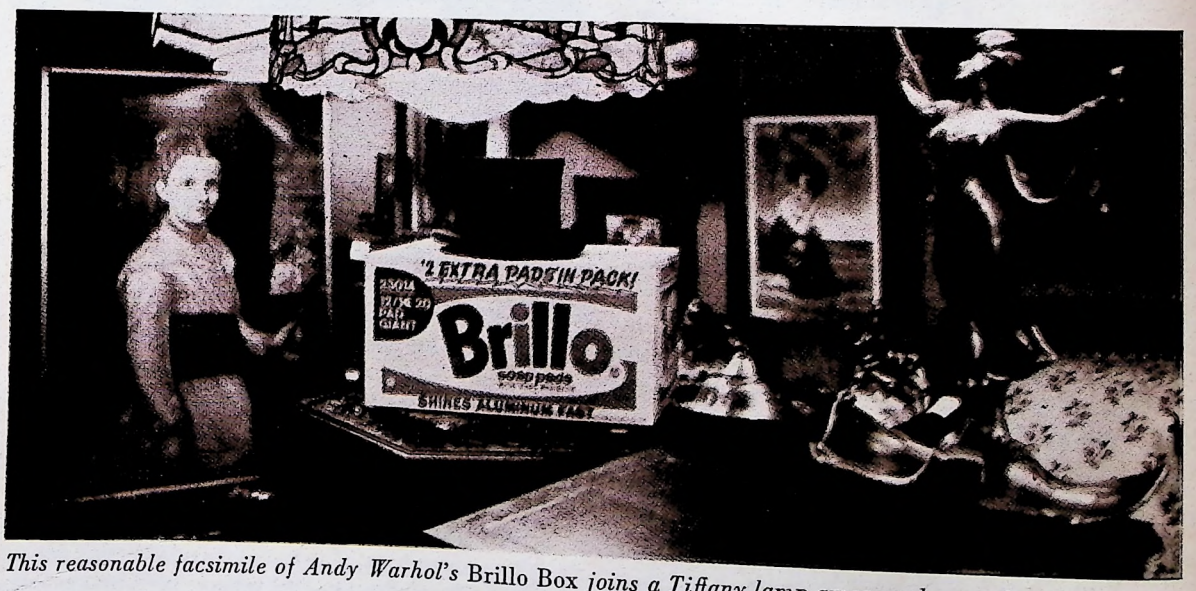
Was it theater? Or dance? Or art? Or a happening? Or pretentious nonsense? I don't think it matters what we call it, or even whether it worked or not. The main thing is that artists in every medium, like Rauschenberg, are not satisfied today with the old boundaries. If there was any single tendency during the year that has just ended, it was toward "mixed media," as the new going term goes. We'll hear a lot more about mixed media in 1967, and there's no limit to the media that can be mixed.

Fashion, for instance, is very much where the action is. It's no longer a genteel lady in a Dior gown—it's pop culture in motion. Fashion is a paper dress that Andy Warhol has painted on. It's a "noise dress" created by Betsey Johnson to "bring more of the senses into design." As Miss Johnson explained not long ago:

"The jinglejangle of the grommets at the hem makes me think of Hindu bells."

And speaking of noise, music has also begun to mix with technology. Not any more is it the old combination of strings, woodwinds and brasses that we all learned at Milton Cross's knee. Electronic gadgets and amplifiers have invaded both classical and popular music with mechanical sounds that our ear does not consider "music." Many serious composers have gone so far as to eliminate the human performer altogether, writing works to be played by a battery of tape recorders. Some even seem to be on the verge of eliminating themselves—last fall in San Francisco, 5,000 musicians and engineers gathered to hear music that was written and performed by computers.

So if it is true that America is in a "cultural explosion," it is not simply that we are building cultural centers and museums and educational TV stations all across the country. Our artists themselves are exploding in new directions, jarring us with new sights and sounds and sensations. Experimental film makers, better known as the "underground cinema," are beginning to surface: off-Broadway playwrights, in dramas like *Viet Rock,* are reaching for new ingredients like journalism and jazz. Only the Broadway theater and commercial television are so rooted in old financial formulas as to promise no surprises in the year—or years—ahead.



This reasonable facsimile of Andy Warhol's Brillo Box *joins a Tiffany lamp among other works of art.*

It's an exciting time and an exhausting one. Too much happens too quickly and is gone too soon, banished to instant nostalgia or instant oblivion. Too many new trends seem freakish, if not an outright hoax. How are we to know which ones have come to stay? All the cultural centers in the world won't teach us to recognize the winners at a glance, any more than racetracks teach us how to call horse races.

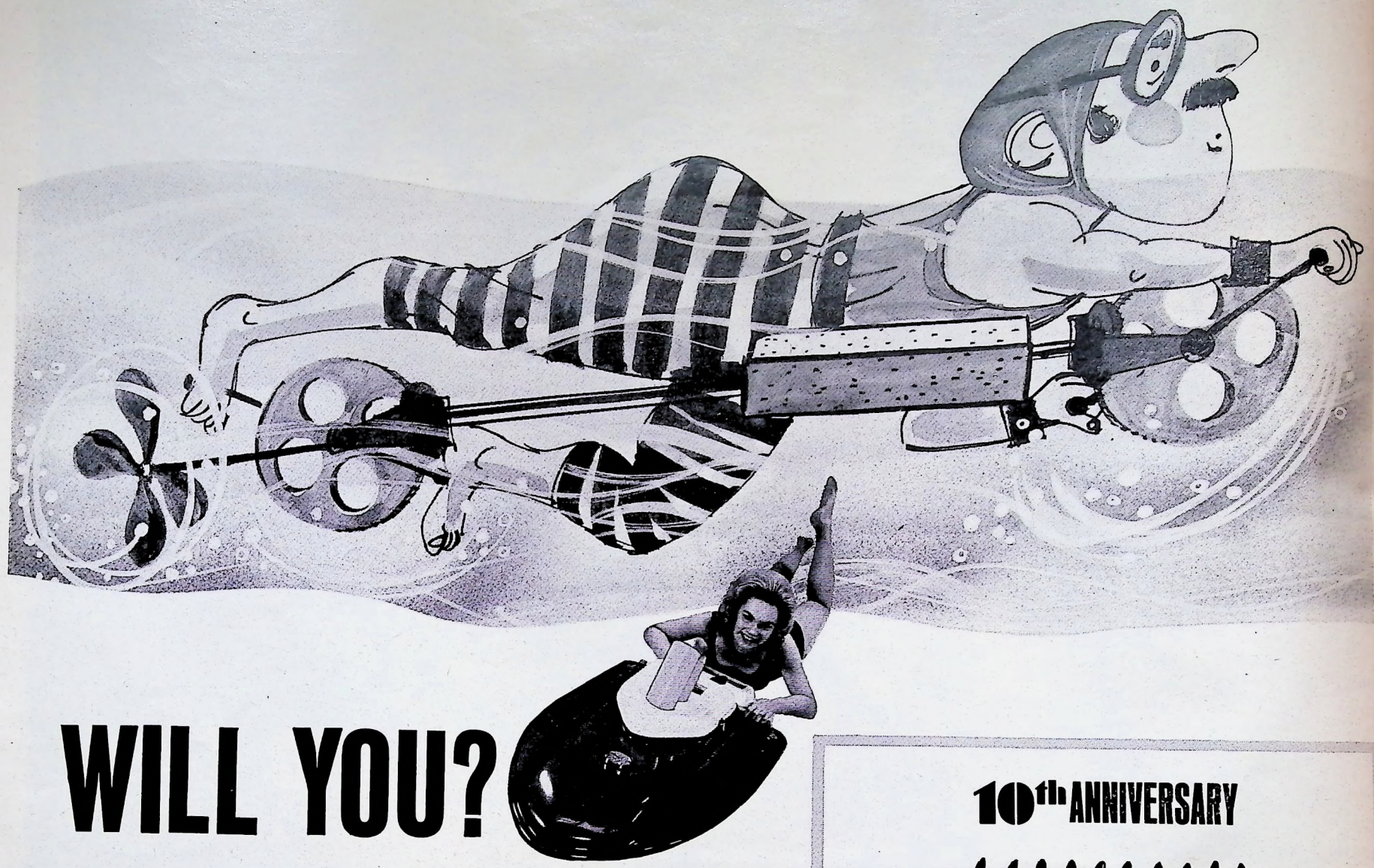
What they do, however, is to remind us to keep looking, keep listening, keep entertaining every idea that comes along, no matter how odd its shape or poor its execution—as I hope to keep doing on this page. For unless our artists continually force us to ask "What is art?" "What is music?" "What is theater?" and to be dissatisfied with the old answers, our arts will lose their vitality and our cultural centers will be mere temples, as respectable as the Parthenon—and as lifeless.

WILLIAM K. ZINSSER

Five-year-old Kenny has just learned to walk. Most youngsters are on their feet at a year. But Kenny was born with cerebral palsy, and for him walking is a monumental achievement. Some CP children never walk at all. Some can't speak or hear, or use their arms to feed or dress themselves. However, there is hope for the more than a quarter of a million children in this country born with the tragic handicap of cerebral palsy. And your help can bring that hope through a contribution to your local affiliate of United Cerebral Palsy Associations. Then, when you see the radiant face of a five-year-old who has just taken his first steps, you'll know what they mean when they say, **Happiness is Helping.**

GIVE TO **UNITED CEREBRAL PALSY** CP

BOATING HAS CHANGED...



WILL YOU?

Learn and earn. We'll pay you 50 cents to see for yourself how boating has changed. You'll discover something millions of sailors already know — today's pleasure boating is really a pleasure. To learn, visit one of the nation's largest marine exhibitions: Cleveland's Mid-America Boat Show. To earn a reputation for being a guy who knows how to live, use the coupon below. Don't keep missing the boat.

SAVE 50¢ ON ADMISSION

Fill out and take to box office at Cleveland Public Hall on any of the Boat Show's 10 days. You'll receive a $1.50 adult admission ticket for $1.00. Children under 12, 50¢ at all times. Limit one per family. Void where prohibited by law.

(Please Print)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Check One: I own a boat ☐ Yes ☐ No

10th ANNIVERSARY

Mid-America BOAT SHOW

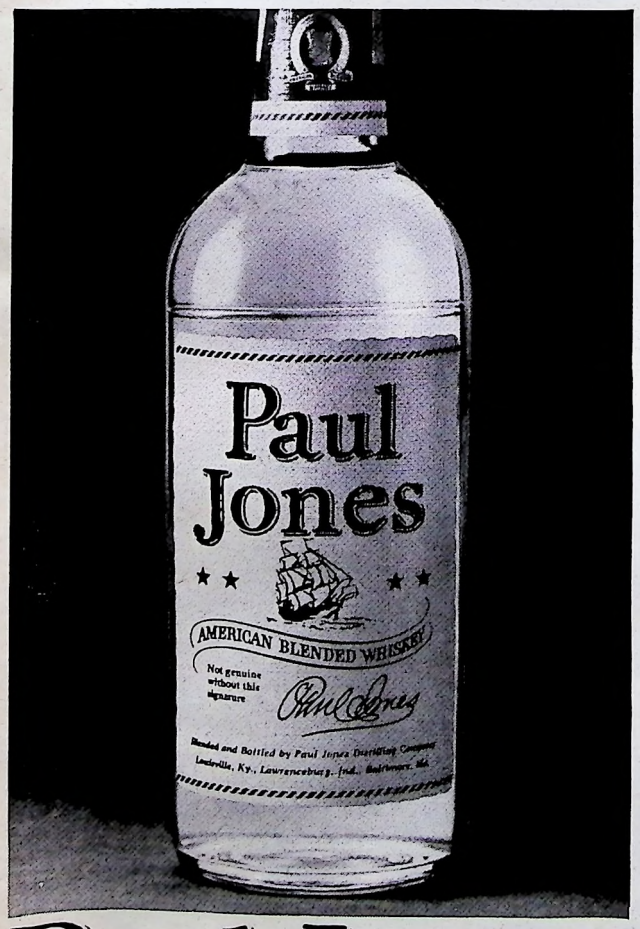
JANUARY 20-29 | **PUBLIC HALL CLEVELAND, OHIO 5 Acres of Displays!**

Show Hours: Grand Opening: Jan. 20, 6-11 p.m.; Sats. 12-11 p.m.; Suns. 12-8 p.m.; Weekdays 4-11 p.m. Admission: $1.50; Children Under 12, 50¢.

Mid-America Boat Show, Another Service of the Lake Erie Marine Trades Assoc., Inc. 414 Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio 44115

M2 LOOK 1-24-67

"If Paul Jones is so light, they must be making it outside the States now. So how come it doesn't cost more?"



Our Paul Jones is still being made in places as All-American as Kentucky and Maryland, where many of the world's best whiskeys are born and brought up. No import duties or over-the-border shipping charges ever add a penny to our price. So Paul Jones costs about half as much as some imports.

Yet Paul Jones is every bit as light as any imported whiskey—in the bottle, in the blend, and all the way down. It's so light, veteran whiskey men call it Blond. For all its lightness, though, Paul Jones is full-strength whiskey. With power enough to satisfy any man. For the light whiskey at the light price, there's no place like home.

$3.66
4/5 Qt.

CODE #119B

Paul Jones America's Lightest Whiskey · Full-strength, but doesn't come on strong.

Renfield Importers, Ltd., N.Y.C. Blended whiskey 80 proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Benefit Trust Life insurance is good as gold

Sometimes it's better

Yes, Benefit Trust Life insurance *is* good as gold. When you need money for medical care—at home or in the hospital. When you're disabled—and BTL delivers income that keeps on coming—and which may well be tax-free! When you want to get more group coverage at lower net cost. Whenever you need protection, before and after Medicare.

And when is Benefit Trust Life insurance *better* than money? Well, one small premium payment can insure your life...assure your family of thousands of dollars for education, mortgage payment, or worry-free retirement. Life insurance is an "instant estate" to protect your loved ones, during all your life and after.

Benefit Trust Life is an unusual insurance company. We have all the old-fashioned virtues, thrift, friendliness, promptness, dependability. We have the modern ones, too—we're efficient, aware, competitive. And we want to serve you—directly, as an individual...or through your broker, if you need group protection where you work.

Keep our name in mind. It's good as gold.

Benefit Trust Life Insurance Company, a mutual legal reserve company. Chicago, Illinois. Founded 1913.

LOOK

Behind the scenes

Editor Jack Shepherd talks scandal.

Last November, a young man approached* LOOK *editors with a startling story. William Snead, Jr., a former cadet of the U.S. Air Force Academy near Colorado Springs, offered to give a first-hand, exclusive account of the greatest cheating scandal in the nation's college history. On January 18, 1965, Snead, his roommate and 107 other cadets were accused of dishonesty during examinations. (Four of these students did not actually cheat but were aware of the situation and had not notified the authorities.) As requested, all 109 resigned.

LOOK editors listened to Snead's story, had him call Senior Editor Jack Shepherd, who was touring U.S. colleges for an assignment on honor systems. When he heard Snead's account, he decided to concentrate on it in his article.

Back in New York, the editor spent a month taping the ex-cadet's revelations. Snead's first-person retelling of his involvement in the bizarre affair—*Air Academy's Cheating Scandal*—forms the first part of Shepherd's look at campus dishonesty; *College Honor Systems: Can They Work?* completes the article.

Editor Shepherd was fascinated by one aspect of the mess: the influence of Harold Robbins's novel *The Carpetbaggers* on Snead. The cadet was so impressed with hero Jonas Cord's wheeler-dealer tactics that he called an organization he formed with his room-mate "Jonas Fox." Its function was to filch exams from the Academy and sell them to cadets at five dollars a copy. Comments Shepherd on the outfit: "If it had continued for one more semester, the pair could have sold stock in the corporation."

LOOK's *Kentucky-born* Betty *Baer finally got an assignment that landed her on horseback.* Sent with Staff Photographer Charlotte Brooks to cover *America's Ten Outstanding Young Men of 1966* as selected by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, Betty did the usual interviewing until she hit Montgomery, Ala. Here, one of the chosen ten—cookbook publisher Morris Dees—consented to be interviewed at 6:00 a.m., on horseback. "Do you have a horse that rides Eastern?" asked our Madison Ave. pacer. Said Dees, "Yes—one called Shamrock."

At the appointed hour, the sporty duo met. "Hold a tight rein on Shamrock," advised Dees, but the Kentucky gal paid no heed. Suddenly, the horse bolted forward and charged across the fields as if he were mounted by Auntie Mame. Recalls Betty: "I sawed away at the horse's mouth until he slowed down." At this leisurely gait, she got her interview and a gallant's compliment for her Blue Grass horsemanship.

LOUIS BOTTO

LOOK *photographer Charlotte Brooks and writer Betty Baer catch one of America's top young men, Wil Rose, in a rare, stationary position.*

Everything fresh, fresh, fresh at the Home of the Big Boy

It's a case of using only fresh, choice ingredients. Like freshly-ground tender lean beef. Farm-fresh Idaho potatoes and sweet Bermuda onions. Only crisp hearts of lettuce and vine-fresh tomatoes go into our chilled salads. At the Home of the Big Boy, quality and freshness make the difference. Drop in. Stay for dinner. Let us prove our point.

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It's Happening

Pro the arts, anti-love . . .

Actress Patricia Routledge proves a woman for all seasons, whether being bitten by an imaginary dog or starring in Victoria Regina.

The early drama season's accolade for versatility goes to Britain's Patricia Routledge (above) for her double debut in the U.S. First, she charmed New York critics as a nymphomaniac, a mop-haired mama of a pregnant deb and a dotty lady with an imaginary dog in the otherwise dismissed London play, *How's the World Treating You?* Then, in a royal turn, she gave Helen Hayes a run for her crown as Victoria Regina in TV's fine four-parter. Says Noel Coward of her uninhibited flair for the antic: "She is the *only* actress who should play Bea Lillie when they film the life of Gertrude Lawrence."

From Cairo, Egypt, comes news that the United Arab Republic plans to broadcast anti-love songs to aid its birth-control drive. At the moment, they're singing non-love songs set to traditional Arabian music. If they don't curb the itch, perhaps these U.S. ditties will: *I Can't Get Started [With You], Ain't Misbehavin', It's a Grand Night for Singing, Don't Get Around Much Anymore.*

Not all sportsmen invest in bowling alleys and restaurants. Some—like sportscaster Kyle Rote, ballplayers Jim Bouton, Gene Wiley and Bernie Casey, ex-prizefighters Mickey Walker and Rocky Graziano and wrestler Lord Carlton —have hit the canvas hard for art's sake. Their paintings are currently on view in a traveling "Celebrities Art Exhibit" that will visit 55 U.S. cities in all. . . . Former offensive guard Ernie Barnes, who benched himself to tackle painting full time, is now Official Artist of the American Football League. He recently had a one-man show of his gridiron works at New York's Grand Central Art Galleries, Inc. . . . Meanwhile, artful Dodger Duke Snider has taken to another sort of coloring on a TV hair-lotion commercial: He's tinting.

At the new Metropolitan Opera House in Manhattan, husbands and wives, lovers and friends are being separated because of the management's hard line on latecomers. "Many wives get inside on time," says House Manager James Heffernan, "but their husbands, who are parking the car, often get shut out until intermission." One night recently, a party of 30 was hit by a split decision: 15 in, 15 out at *Elektra*, which has no intermission.

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be diplomatic.

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It's Happening

CONTINUED

For-women-only note: London-bound birds in pants suits are welcome in the Savoy and Dorchester hotel restaurants, but not welcome in the Savoy and Dorchester hotel restaurants, but not at Claridge's. A spokesman for the Connaught, which also frowns on the trouser trend, reportedly stated, "We know the pants suit is very fashionable, but we are not a fashionable hotel."

Smoking a huge cigar in the dark, oak-paneled lounge of New York's Hotel Algonquin, author Emily Hahn tells us how a visit to Greenwich Village with her young nephew inspired her latest book, *Romantic Rebels*, out this month. Caught by the difference between today's beatniks and yesterday's off-beats, Miss Hahn breezes through the rise and fall of Bohemianism in America. Among those profiled along the beaten path: Edgar Allan Poe, Lafcadio Hearn, Floyd Dell, Ezra Pound, Amy Lowell, Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg. With this book on the racks, Miss Hahn is off on her next—a text and photo around-the-world report on an even shaggier subject: *Zoo*. End of puff.

Remember the gilded nude in the 007 Goldfinger *caper? Well, the Art Directors Club of New York tops her with the nude figure of model Wanda Embry (above), embellished with art nouveau. Painted by designer Tom Daly and shot by photographer Ken Harris, Wanda stretches across an enormous folding poster, inviting U.S. and foreign designers, agencies, TV production houses and publications to submit advertising and editorial-art design to the Club's 46th annual exhibition in Manhattan this spring. Model's only beef: When they painted her, they used cold water.*

There's no stopping the typewriter of Neil "Doc" Simon. With the opening of his new comedy, *The Star-Spangled Girl*, Simon becomes the third American playwright to have four shows on Broadway at the same time. (The other three are *Barefoot in the Park*, *The Odd Couple*, *Sweet Charity*.) Clyde Fitch did it in 1901 and Avery Hopwood in 1916, but Simon out-foxes them by adding a movie scenario, for *After The Fox*, to his batting average. The comic film, about Peter Sellers's attempt to save his family from vice and bingo, is currently playing at "nabes" nationally. At a rehearsal of his newest, Simon (below) was asked how it feels to have so much going for him. His reply: "With two on at once, it's exciting; with five—it's ridiculous."

Playwright in the catbird seat: Neil Simon has a right to smile at rehearsals of his latest comedy, The Star-Spangled Girl. *This opening gives the busy writer a quartet of shows on Broadway, plus his first movie—*After The Fox*—on the nation's screens.*

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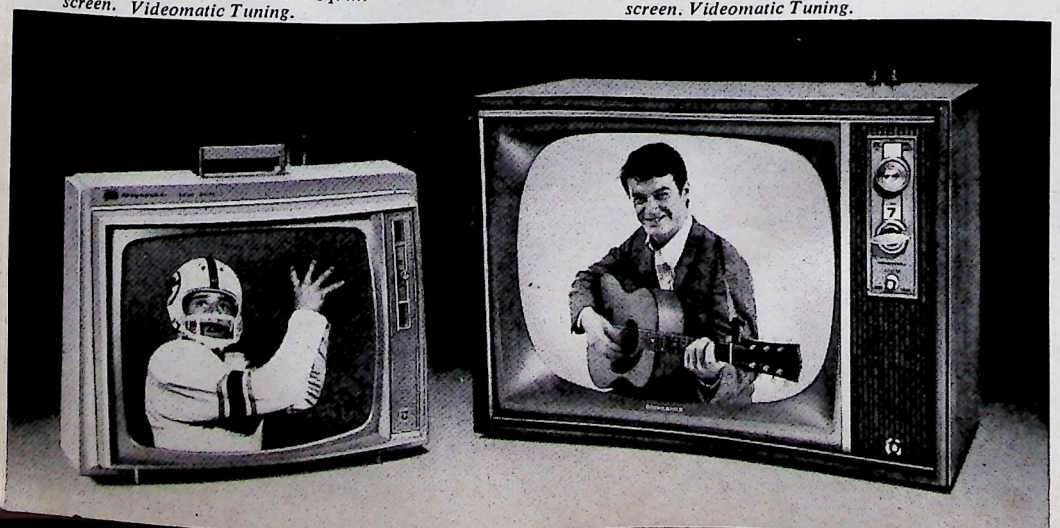

Letters to the Editor

> "As a progressive Catholic, I stand first in line to petition for freedom from the chains of medieval minds."

THE POPE'S PROBLEM

I read with interest your article on *The Pope's Unsolvable Problem* [LOOK, December 13] regarding birth control. Unfortunately, the Catholic Church has chained itself to a medieval mind by the doctrine of papal infallibility. . . . This teaching . . . has destroyed progress and eventually will destroy the Church. It is pure blasphemy to claim to speak God's exact mind and will. . . . Man can represent God . . . but man cannot speak directly for God. Man can be guided by the Holy Spirit, but he still has to use his own fallible, finite judgment in interpreting this guidance. Therefore, man, even the Pope, cannot be infallible in the strict, irrevocable sense of the word. The Pope . . . *can* make mistakes, and the sooner these mistakes are corrected by the evolution of man's thinking powers . . . the sooner God's will and mind will be more perfectly represented. . . . Why keep heaping unbearable burdens upon married couples by the faulty judgment of a prejudiced celibate clergy? . . . As a progressive Catholic, I stand first in line to petition for freedom from the chains of medieval minds.

MRS. BETTY GREENWOOD
Burbank, Calif.

LOOK's Senior Editor Joseph Roddy . . . will never convince serious students of moral theology that public opinion affords a sound basis for true morality. . . . Many years ago, Tolstoy already recognized [a] grave danger . . . when he rightly stated: "In these days, life is no longer directed by conscience— conscience accommodates itself to life." Of course, if the Catholic Church accommodated herself to the moral relativism of the modern world, there would be great rejoicing in the liberal camp, but the Church would no longer be the church of Christ. If the Church is to condone unlawful birth control, why not divorce and abortion likewise? . . . However, it may be that Roddy's line of reasoning merely reflects modern man's inability to see and understand what it means when a principle is involved in a moral problem. . . . Could it be that the selective indignation of Mr. Roddy betrays an unconscious rebellion against the only voice left in the world which dares to speak with authority?

THE REV. SEVERIN LAMPING
St. Clement Church
Bowling Green, Mo.

As baptized Catholics who no longer [take] the sacraments (and believe me, there are many of us), my husband and I waited with baited breath for a decision to come from the Vatican regarding birth control. None came, so we will wait some more, perhaps forever, but still maintaining our views that we are doing nothing wrong when we use contraceptives.

CATHERINE SCHNELL
Flushing, N. Y.

In following the guidance of the [Catholic] Church, my family life has grown richer. . . . The marital relationship has remained a mutual expression of love rather than a source of escape from the day's problems. If partial abstinence is too much to pay for all the benefits imparted by a strong Catholic religion, this is just one more sign that man's pursuit is to indulge to satiety his every appetite.

JOHN J. STAPLES
New Fairfield, Conn.

The journalistic craftsmanship of Joseph Roddy's article . . . deserves the highest admiration. It will help considerably to highlight the complexity of the birth-control dilemma that His Holiness confronts. Indeed, I sympathize with both the Pope and Mr. Roddy. But I believe the latter has been carried beyond the facts of Planned Parenthood in relation to Catholics, who are also deeply concerned about family-planning needs and programs. The facts are these:

(1) For Father Dexter Hanley, the Georgetown law professor who spoke at our National Conference on Family Planning, we helped schedule *only one* other speaking date to my knowledge.

(2) For Sister Jean Vianney, the research biologist, Planned Parenthood's role was simply *to express interest* when her Population Council grant was being considered.

(3) For the recent Conference on Population at Notre Dame, we had *no instrumental role.* In 1962, we invited a number of Catholic priests and scholars to confer with us in New York. Out of this grew a Notre Dame proposal for a conference there for which we obtained financing. Since then, there have been three other population conferences at Notre Dame.

Planned Parenthood's increasingly compatible relationship with priests, scholars and scientists results not from our "influence" but from a genuine community of interest, centered on the concept of family planning as an essential means to responsible parenthood.

WINFIELD BEST
Executive Vice-President
Planned Parenthood
New York, N. Y.

The use of contraceptives for birth control . . . proves there is no God like the one mentioned in the Bible. If there were . . . and if He had intended

that the sex act be used for other purposes besides procreation, He would have supplied, in all His goodness, the means in the human body so that the sex act could also be performed when no reproduction was intended.

JAMES J. EVANS
Pasadena, Calif.

WILSON / FREUD

The Bullitt-Freud assault on Woodrow Wilson [*Thomas Woodrow Wilson*, LOOK, December 13] is a shameful performance. For a bitter political opponent of Wilson, which William Bullitt was, this sort of delighted picking at Wilson's sex life is perhaps natural. Stripped of the fancy language and abstract and weary generalizations drawn from psychoanalysis, the extract which you print is essentially the sort of thing street brawlers yell at each other: "You're a. . . ." But at least the yell in the street has the virtue of not pretending to a deep understanding.

HERBERT GOLD
San Francisco, Calif.

As an ardent believer in the hypotheses of Freud, I was immediately interested in reading another one of his writings; the mystery and enormity of this subject only multiplied my curiosity. . . . It was one of the most stimulating and thorough probes of the emotional condition of a man that I have read in a long time. I am shocked and amazed that a nation . . . was helplessly trapped in the web of a man who was so emotionally crippled.

CYNTHIA ADLER
Dean Junior College
Franklin, Mass.

If this is an analysis by a responsible psychiatrist, then thank God I cannot afford one. . . . If addressing your son as "my precious son" is bad, then the Reverend Mr. Wilson is no more guilty than I or my father or my husband. . . . "The father liked to handle the child physically, to embrace him. . . ." What is so wrong with this? Millions of fathers of manly sons have done the same and, indeed, if they have not, they are sadly lacking in the rough, affectionate fellowship a small boy needs.

ETHEL O'DELL
Haines, Ore.

Freud's own "father fixation" and resultant neurosis should have given him more sympathy with those similarly afflicted, if such there be. . . . However, Freud has done us a real service in this effort, for this "psychological study" of Wilson . . . places Freudian theory in proper perspective at last. In its purest form, and weighed in the balance of historical record, Freudian theory . . . says much more about the nature of Freud than about the nature of Wilson. . . . The scars of Freud and Freudianism are on us all, but perhaps the release from the "Freudian womb" is close at hand. And Freud is the unwitting midwife.

THE REV. WESLEY A. ANDERSON
First Baptist Church
Osage, Iowa

JOHN LENNON

Thank you for giving John Lennon what he deserves: exposure as a human being [*John Lennon: Beatle on His Own*, LOOK, December 13]. Your article . . . presented a humble John, a new phase of John, a chance for him to be seen by the world as a mortal in his own right.

LESLIE SAMUELS
A Beatlemaniac
New York, N. Y.

He's got to be doing something right. Mainly, *everything*.

TERRY BELAND, 16
Sacramento, Calif.

The world needs more men like him. He sure is a real Da Vinci of our time.

DORIS RUIZ, 19
San Juan, Puerto Rico

I feel compelled by my exhilaration upon finishing the piece on John Lennon to congratulate [LOOK Senior Editor Leonard] Gross on his exceptional job. . . .

John Lennon's statements are those of a profound thinker and hold great appeal. But perhaps it is just as well that you did not quote him in greater detail; he might have done damage to Christianity, contrary to his intentions, by attracting so many followers (in addition to his previously acquired fans) that a new philosophy might have been created. The matter could have been further complicated by the possibility of confusion between the name of this new doctrine—Lennonism—and that of Soviet ideology. (Having gone this far, I cannot resist noting the similarly uncomfortable confusion that could arise were Beatle Paul to create the doctrine of McCartneyism, particularly if it were misspelled.)

STEVEN SHABAD, Columbia '69
New York, N. Y.

I was impressed by and thankful for the true and mature presentation of Lennon by an adult. This recognition of his talents by older people is long overdue and much deserved, and is refreshing to the minds of Lennon's admirers, who are tired of his exclusive Beatleness.

CATHY KULKA
New York, N. Y.

Fab! Your article on John Lennon was just Fab! Thanks loads! Long live Beatlemania!

BONITA DAVIS
Jackson, Tenn.

A special thanks to Leonard Gross and [photographer] Douglas Kirkland Each did a 'tastic job, and I propose an honorary title for them in the Order of Beatledom.

JUDY JOHNSON
Howell, Mich.

VIETNAM

Cheers to one of our most courageous authors, Laura Bergquist [*Never Before a War Like This*, LOOK, December 13]. Miss Bergquist writes that the South Vietnamese people say "their lands really belong to the local Catholic priest, who leased them from

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Letters continued

the government. And he will get 60 to 80 percent of the crop." Does this leave these very poor people anything? Aren't we really fighting . . . communism in South Vietnam and Catholic Santo Domingo and Catholic South America to save the vast landownership of the fabulously wealthy Roman Catholic Church?

MRS. HELEN SMITH RICKARDS
Baltimore, Md.

Under this bold heading ["the enemy"] are printed photographs of 18- to 19-year-old defectors, thereby giving the impression that the fearsome Vietcong are merely harmless, hungry children. However, a 15-year-old boy with an automatic rifle and a belief can leave a person just as dead as a 30-year-old North Vietnamese regular could—a fact to which many a U. S. casualty can attest. . . . Today, the whole of Eastern Europe and much of Asia is under Communist domination. If we consider that not one of these Communist governments was voted into power by a free, popular election, then the arguments stating that communism is not interested in world expansion seem pretty ridiculous. Just because the war in Vietnam is 8,000 miles away does *not* mean that it doesn't concern the future of democracy, this country and her allies.

LYNN PARANA
Waukesha, Wis.

WHITE POWER IN BLACK ATLANTA

Having had the opportunity and pleasure of . . . working with Hector Black [*Hector Black: White Power in Black Atlanta,* LOOK, December 13] when he was one of our discussion leaders in VISTA training in Atlanta, I can appreciate your recognition of his work in Vine City. Without a doubt, he is one of the most dedicated and unselfish men I have ever met. . . . He really lives . . . with the people, and Vine City is one hell of a place to live. . . . Hector Black can be referred to, in the truest sense, as a volunteer in service to America. I also compliment his courageous wife and family.

DAVID PACTOR
VISTA Volunteer
Norfolk, Va.

The Negroes must, for the sake of society, be uplifted from this horrible degradation. . . . We pour money across the seas, a great deal of which is not appreciated or consumed in the useful manner intended. For sheer contrast to what Hector Black faces, here in Miami, money from the Federal Government is in abundance for the Cuban refugee program. . . . The weekly tab is now running $1 million for the U. S. taxpayer. Does anybody else in the U. S. know this but Miamians? The Negro certainly deserves at least as much as a foreigner.

R. W.
Hialeah, Fla.

Hector Black is an example of living Christianity. Nothing is more successful than that in keeping God alive!

ELIZABETH PRICE
Houston, Texas

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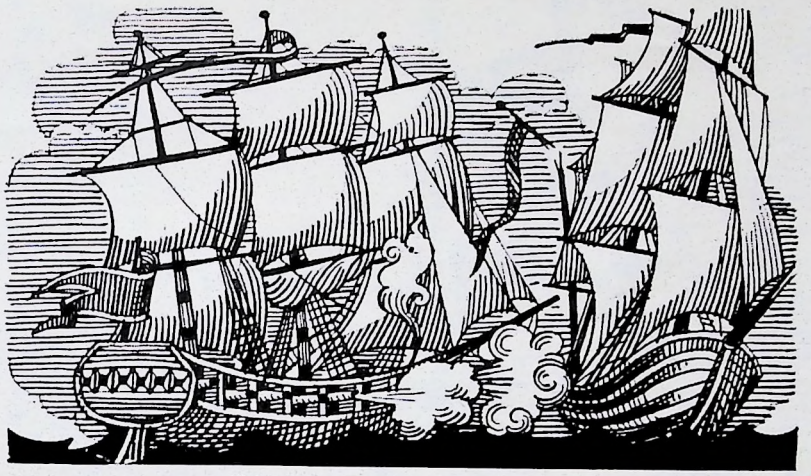

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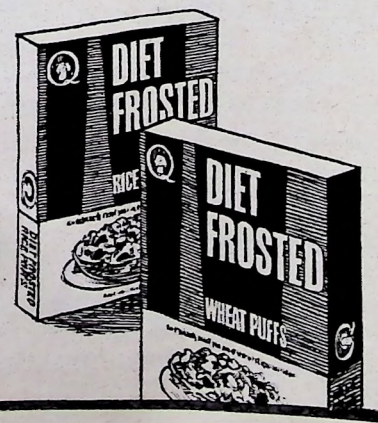

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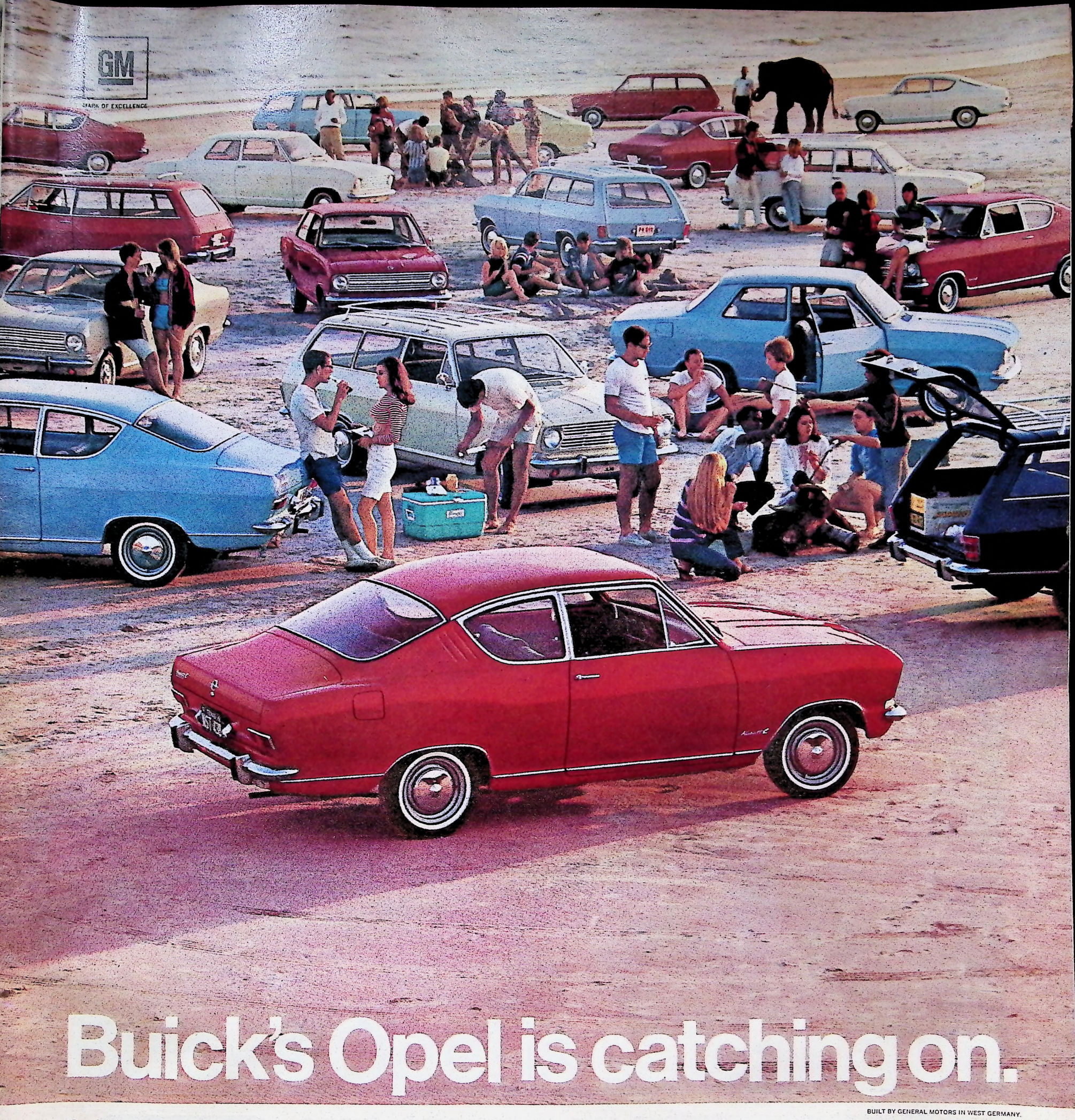

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FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER

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In January and February, 1965, the Air Force Academy kicked out 109 cadets after the worst cheating episode in college history. The Academy stamped the case "Confidential" and told everyone to shut up. Now, a cadet ringleader breaks the silence to tell the story behind the:

AIR ACADEMY'S CHEATING SCANDAL

BY WILLIAM SNEAD, JR., WITH JACK SHEPHERD

MY ROOMMATE TOLD ME about the cheating ring in September, 1964. He had spent the last semester stealing exams and selling them for $5. I asked him if my friends were involved, and he just nodded, yes, yes, and kind of smiled that wicked smile of his. I was stunned. I believed so much in the Academy's honor code.

I was brought up in an Air Force family. My father was a major while I was at the Academy, and we had lived on bases in the States and Japan. I had four academic scholarships to college. When President Kennedy appointed me, and the letter of acceptance came, my father was so excited he cried. I was enthusiastic, it was an honor to be chosen, but I wasn't all that excited. My father framed the letter and said, "Remember this when you want to quit." I knew I could never quit.

I graduated from Central Catholic High School in San Antonio on May 18, 1962, and left for the Academy on June 25. It was the first time I'd seen it. I got cadet serial number 4312 K and started my doolie year. I ranked in the top 15 percent of the Academy's entering freshmen.

Until September, 1964, I'd gone along with the honor code completely. It was my life, and I believed in it. I thought if anyone did break the honor code, he'd turn himself in—he couldn't live with himself. But something happened. Over the past two years, the honor code had become tarnished for me. I had doubts about whether or not everyone was following the code as strictly as I was. Cadets were violating regs [regulations] and short-cutting the system. Everyone seemed to crib on the code a little.

When Gen. Robert Strong came in, he shifted the emphasis from academic to military prowess. He initiated a system where cadets got a conduct grade based on the number of demerits they received. Most of us believed that squadron officers got quotas for demerits they had to issue. One sardonic joke that went the rounds was about a captain who inspected his cadets and found little wrong, but gave each man two demerits to use up the quota. Strong took the emphasis off the cadet chain of command in the wing. This shifted the balance, and the honor code itself became a tool of inquisition. A cadet might break regs by owning a car before his first-class [senior] year or by drinking in his room, but an officer couldn't ask him if he did this because that would be what the Academy calls "an unfair question." But the officers began asking these questions—and the answers involved the honor code: lying. Strong made us sign a statement when we returned from leave: "I did not marry over leave, and I am not married." Some cadets were married—a violation of regs. But they had to sign the code or get kicked out. When they signed, they lied—an honor violation. More than 180 cadets had tried to resign from the Academy by my junior year.

That fall, I was made an element leader. I picked my roommate from the list of assistant element leaders. We lived in room 3 D 38 in C Flight, 9th Squadron, 2nd Group.

Cheating had been going on at the Academy since its first year. I knew officers who'd been involved and a lot of football players. There was nothing unusual about my class.

My roommate started stealing exams in the spring semester of his third-class [sophomore] year, before we roomed together. Another cadet had been doing it, but he got kicked out. The football players and other cadets were helping each other by passing along test questions and answers from class to class. But they couldn't help in the

continued

"We weren't interested in building a financial empire; we were against the Academy really. In all, I guess we collected about $2,000 by the time we were caught."

finals or the GR's [graded reviews—a monthly exam] because these were given on the same day. That's where my roommate stepped in to fill a gap.

The night he told me about it, my roommate took me around to meet The Clan. This was the "In" crowd at the Academy—top football players, wing leaders—30-40 guys. They put cadets up for elections, ran the wing. They were all part of the cheating ring. I had been that unaware of what was going on. I was shocked. I remember having a fever that night. "Hey Snead," they said, "live all your life in a phone booth?"

The honor code says: "We will not lie, steal or cheat, nor tolerate among us those who do." Tolerate embraces a great deal. If I didn't go to my honor rep and tell him about this, I could be guilty of toleration. I had some choices: go to him and turn in all my friends; quit the Academy and not explain it to my father; turn myself in; ignore it. The Academy and the Academy way of life—though I hated some of it—had become my life, and I wanted to give it the best I could. I couldn't work. I couldn't think. I took a week to decide, and by that time, I was guilty of toleration.

The Academy creates a paradox: You help your buddy as much as you can, then turn him in for the honor code. I had carried a friend up a hill during a forced march my doolie year. How could I now turn around and report him? The Academy expected me to do this and put me in the position of deciding which was more important, it or my friends. To me, the Academy was a public institution. When it came in conflict with my friends, there was no real choice for me to make.

I joined my roommate. I got intrigued with the idea of being the sole supplier of exams for the wing. I was guilty of toleration; I might as well be in the center, which has been a pattern of my life. This is me. I told him I wanted in, and he said no. I decided to get my own test. I was scared to death. There was the EE [electrical engineering] GR, worth maybe $50. My roommate had tried and couldn't find it. I walked up to my instructor's office one afternoon and went through his papers and pieced together an exam. That evening, I showed my roommate what I'd got, and he smiled and said, "OK, buddy, you win." We agreed to split everything 50-50. We stood in the middle of the room and shook hands.

We called our partnership "Jonas Fox." My roommate liked to be called The Black Fox, and Jonas Cord in *The Carpetbaggers* was my kind of wheeler-dealer. Two days later, Jonas Fox went to work. We began making daytime raids on the academic building, using the system my roommate had worked the previous semester. We'd say we were going to chapel before breakfast and slip upstairs in Fairchild Hall, the academic building where chapel was held, to the sixth floor, and take exams off instructors' desks. We had about 25 minutes to do this. We also made runs in the late afternoon just before evening meal formation.

But this was a sloppy system—just a quick dart into an office. We promised The Clan we'd get more exams, but we needed time to study the layout of the academic area on the sixth floor and explore departments. We made these daytime forays for about a month. I wanted to use the time from midnight to 5:30 a.m. for runs when we'd have complete freedom up there if we could get into the building. So we started unlocking the stairwell doors after the janitors locked them in the evening.

For a week, we'd unlock doors, and then make a run and find them locked. We began to leave five-six doors unlocked. Nothing. They'd always recheck and relock them.

We made our first nighttime run in October. We'd talk and fool around in our rooms until taps at 11. We weren't doing any homework at all by this time. We'd start the run at one, after Security Flight had made its check and been asleep for an hour. We'd belt down a couple of shots of whiskey, put on our outfits and be out the door in three minutes. We wore our regular Academy dark-blue sweat suits with the white block letters, USAFA, black basketball shoes and dark-gray leather gloves. Sometimes we'd wear our parkas, but they were hard to run in. All of it was Academy issue, except the turtleneck shirt I wore under my sweats. I also cut eye slits in my navy-blue knit watch cap and pulled it over my face to my chin.

The academic building looks like a lopsided dumbbell—two six-story rectangular ends, one larger than the other, connected across the second floor by a long corridor. The top floor of the larger end is the instructors' area. The smaller piece holds the com shop [commandant's office], dispensary, library and other departments.

One night, we decided to try from the bottom level, below the terrazzo. We dashed out of the room 15 feet to the stairwell to the ground floor, hit the darkness and ran between pillars across the road leading up the ramp to the terrazzo level, to the smaller academic building. Snow blew in our faces. The stairwell doors are inside this building, and we found the outside doors open. The stairwell was locked. As we turned to leave, we saw the elevator. If we could go up it, we could walk across the long, connecting second-floor corridor between the two sections of the building. We pushed the button, the door opened, we got in and pushed 2 and rode up. But there was an override on the elevator, and it went to 3. We rode back down and gave it another try. This time, I flicked the emergency switch when I thought we'd reached the second-floor level. It stopped and the doors opened automatically. We were about three feet above the floor. My roommate jumped first. I flipped the emergency switch back, pushed the first-floor button and followed him. We were in.

We could make runs like this any night. There was no alarm, and the outside door was always open. From the elevator, we crawled along the exposed glass hallway to the other building, took a left, then a right and got the elevator in F section up to the sixth floor. The building was unguarded. The Air Police patrolled outside in trucks, but there was no real security. It was easy to get in.

The night runs started the last week in October. From then until the end of finals around December 15, we made runs every weekday night and some weekends. We nearly got caught twice. Once, Security Flight saw us outside and chased us into the dormitory. The other time is still a mystery. My roommate and I were on the sixth floor, about 3 a.m. He was sitting in the hall, when someone in a janitor's uniform came up, looked at him and walked away. We never saw the man again.

It was serious business at first. After a while, it was like picking up a loaf of bread down at the corner grocery.

We didn't always go for exams. We spent a lot of time looking for keys. We got one key to the economics department by tricking the instructor. One afternoon, my roommate went up to talk to him about some problem he'd devised that would make the instructor go into the filing cabinet where the exams were kept. I had gone up earlier and hidden, and I counted his footsteps to where he got the key for the cabinet. We went back that night, walked off the distance, found the key in a desk and opened the filing cabinet. It had a handful of keys in it and these led us to every part of every filing cabinet in the economics department.

We found the electrical-engineering key after weeks of searching, and that opened the storage room where all the EE exams were kept. We had the questions and answers to every exam and graded review in EE. No one understood the course, so the exams were in high demand. We could get $200 for a handful of EE's. The language departments were easy. Astronautics, aeronautics and physics were sealed up.

We organized. We had an intelligence man to keep track of The Clan. We had runners—salesmen—who made contacts in each of the wing's four groups. They were from The Clan. Two football players ran for the first and second groups, and a highly regarded member of the junior class ran for the third and fourth groups. They got ten-percent commissions. Each runner had football players who collected the money.

We began to keep lists. My roommate had a card file on each squadron with the names of cadets and the money they paid and owed. We charged $5 for an exam. I remember selling a Russian exam to one cadet who was desperate. He paid $25 for it. The money was only part of the game. We weren't interested in building a financial empire; we were against the Academy really. In all, I guess we collected about $2,000 by the time we were caught.

The operation expanded fantastically. By December, we had most of the football squad, as well as some class officers, commanders and members of the honor committee. The takers spread throughout the wing, particularly in 10th and 23rd Squadrons. We found an unbelievable group working in the third class. A guy came to us with 30 orders for a language that was easy to get. We never knew how deeply it reached. By finals, there must have been 300-400 cadets using Jonas Fox exams. Some cadets felt the cheating scandal reached 800-900 men. When the runners got the exams, they could split them many ways. We knew who paid us, but we never knew who they might sell it to later.

Toward the end, we decided we were going to build this thing into something tremendous. We were going to crack the place open, get combinations. We had an AP [Air Policeman] who was going to help us get the keys. We were confident we could get into every department.

We were exhausted. After a run, we'd get only two-three hours' sleep, and with athletics every day, we were ready to drop. That's when we

started cutting classes, which a cadet isn't allowed to do. We devised a system. The academic department sends a typewritten list of cadets who missed classes to Security Flight, where your name, date, squadron and offense are put on a 3-by-5 yellow card called a Form 10. There's no other communication between the academic department and your squadron. We intercepted the Form 10's, slipping into Security Flight after a run at night. We never got caught. We'd do this for other cadets for $5, but it had just started, and we planned to exploit it during the next semester.

I knew I was going to get caught. Too many mistakes were being made. Guys were leading their classes who didn't have the brains to pass the course. We were taking more tests, more chances, cutting more classes. It had to come to an end.

Monday night, January 18, 1965, our intelligence man told us that several football players were being questioned about cheating. I had the feeling in the pit of my stomach: This is it.

That evening, we got pulled out of ranks. The wing was assembled and called to attention and the report given. It was dark, and the moon was out. My AOC [Air Officer Commanding], a captain, walked up to us, he was crying, and said softly, "Mr.————, Mr. Snead, come with me please." I had never been called out of ranks before. I remember the entire wing turned right face to march to the dining hall, and they faced us as we walked into the dormitory.

There were two men in the captain's office. They pulled out their wallets and said, "Office of Special Investigations. We're asked to warn you that anything you say can be held against you." The OSI agents got my roommate's card file and some of my papers, and I spent the next three hours being questioned by them in the superintendent's office. They told me how well it would go if I'd cooperate. I thought it over. I could fight it out, or I could level with them and just play the whole thing straight from here out. I leveled. They got 11 guys that night; later, they got quite a few football players. Some of them, I hardly knew; they weren't that involved.

Later, after taps, I was driven alone with an OSI agent in an Air Force sedan to Lowry Air Force Base near Denver. We went to a jail where some of the other 11 cadets were lined up. I was told to put my hands up on the wall and was searched. They had me remove my shoestrings and belt and put them with my wallet and watch in a brown paper bag. It was like I was going to prison for life. Everyone was scared to death. We had just cheated in college, some of the guys only a few times, and here we were in jail, in isolated cells; lights shined on us all night.

The next day at the Lowry OSI headquarters, I was given a wing roster and told to mark it. I put a red X by the names of guys I knew were in it. I could name about 50-60 cadets. They drove us that evening to the prep school on the other side of the Academy. They'd cleared the top floor of a dorm and we all stayed there. I got to call my father the next day, but my parents had already heard the reports on TV. My father came up that weekend, and we went to Mass together and talked. It was a very tough experience for him.

We couldn't call anyone except our parents. We were cut off. We spent days in the com shop at the academic building answering questions. It was tedious. No one had any civilian legal help. The Academy lawyers counseled us. They gave us the choice of trial by court-martial or resigning with whatever penalty the Academy decided to give us. They told us not to take the court-martial, it would open things up, and they warned us that "it could be very dangerous for you if it got out." The Academy really worried about its "image" in the press. We also heard rumors that we'd get dishonorable discharges and three years in prison if we didn't cooperate.

The investigation lasted more than a week. The Academy had no idea of the proportions of the scandal, and it just went on and on. They caught only 109, and only four of them hadn't actually cheated. Those four had tolerated cheating, and that made them as guilty as the cheaters. Some of the 109 would have made great officers.

The Academy classified the case "Confidential" and hinted that it all fell under the heading of classified information. The last day we were there, my roommate and I signed a statement saying we wouldn't reveal any classified information we'd learned as cadets. We were led to believe that included this case. In my judgment, this isn't confidential material. This has nothing to do with national defense. You support the Academy by your taxes. You should know what's going on there. This is something I felt ought to be cleared up for my own good and the Academy's.

On January 26, 1965, I signed papers admitting the offenses and accepting the discharge—my roommate and I were the only two who got undesirable discharges. The rest got honorable ones.

I left that evening, riding down the same elevator we'd taken to get to the second floor on our runs. My roommate and I walked to the parking lot, shook hands and made promises. We'd bounce back, somehow.

I think I've learned a lot about honor since it all happened. It taught me to look for something besides a pat formula for honor. Each person must seek his personal code based on his own values and loyalties. Honor is an individual choice, not society's choice for the individual. Under certain conditions, lying and cheating and stealing have been parts of an honorable man.

I still think the honor code is a wonderful thing. It's a great idea, but it can't work in the real world. And even if they try to set up an artificial world at the Academy, they've got real people there. As good as the idea is, it can't possibly work.

The other 108 cadets are no less honorable than their fellow men. I'm reserving judgment on myself. I was a kid then, but I'm not sure I wouldn't do it again. The officers and the Academy try to create a dream world of pure honor. I found it's tough to live in someone else's dream world.

COLLEGE HONOR SYSTEMS: Can they work?

ONE OUT OF every two college kids cheats. A few 1966 standouts:

- At the University of Miami, two students broke into a professor's office, forced open a drawer, stole copies of a natural-science exam and sold them to 51 students.
- A 19-year-old Ohio State University freshman paid a janitor $43 to get into a math-building closet where exams were kept. He stole a math final, and he and friends sold copies to some 200 students and pocketed about $400.

What happened at the Air Academy?

- Football became too important. Athletes are the more frequent cheaters. And at the Academy, the football players cheated because, as Bill Snead says, "they weren't so fired up for honor and loyalty; football was their thing."
- The code was too broad. Civilian colleges are learning this lesson: The academic honor system cannot be stretched to cover library reserve books, gym equipment, attendance at early-morning assemblies. If it is, then it is flagrantly violated. At Reed College, one dean says, "Cheating on an exam is considered beyond the pale, but at the same time we're losing a lot of books from the library." Kids just don't see this as cheating.
- The honor code's tradition was weak. Success of any honor system depends on transmitting values from one class to another. USAFA cadets transmitted a tradition of cheating, not of honor. The Academy's code broke down because the cadets failed to accept the system with deep conviction—a system borrowed from West Point, where it had been badly breached.

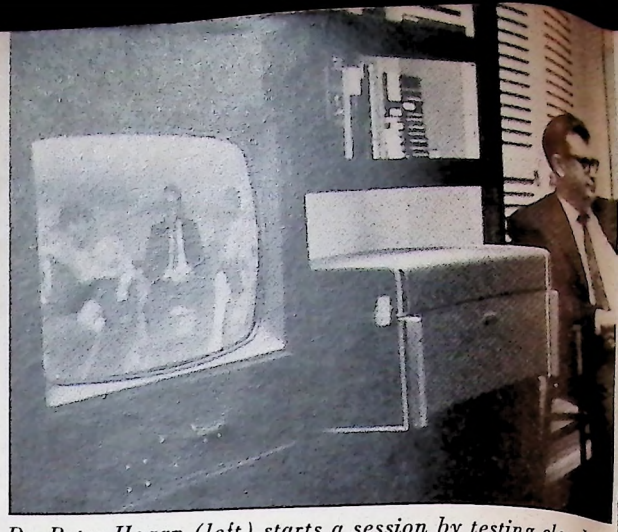
Honor must come from the students. In many universities, from Princeton to Stanford, anyone who fails to report a violation is also guilty. The Rat is an honor system's weakest point. Students dislike reporting others. At the Academy, the unofficial standard of honor actually dictated silence.

The universities of Texas and Illinois discontinued honor systems because students didn't want to report each other. Duke University undergraduates petitioned to stop their honor system in 1965. "The idea of being your brother's keeper just didn't go over," says one professor.

Colleges like to talk about throwing the cheaters out. They rarely do. Snead might have survived in a civilian school. Violators are debated with rather than dismissed. Student honor committees are more therapeutic than punitive and try to salvage a student. There is the idea of sin, damnation and purge—the feeling that most students won't do it again. And they don't. Emory University deans can name five students on their campus with freshman honor violations who weren't kicked out and went on to do good work. In 17 years, Oberlin College has had only two second offenders.

Colleges rely heavily on student involvement to make their honor systems work. Students make the rules and handle the punishments. Colleges seem willing to put up with a little short-term cheating on campus to let the kids develop long-range integrity. "We're not under the foolish assumption that they are mature, they're not," says one dean, "but this is the way to grow up, by making decisions and mistakes and learning." Bill Snead had to grow up under a harsher system.

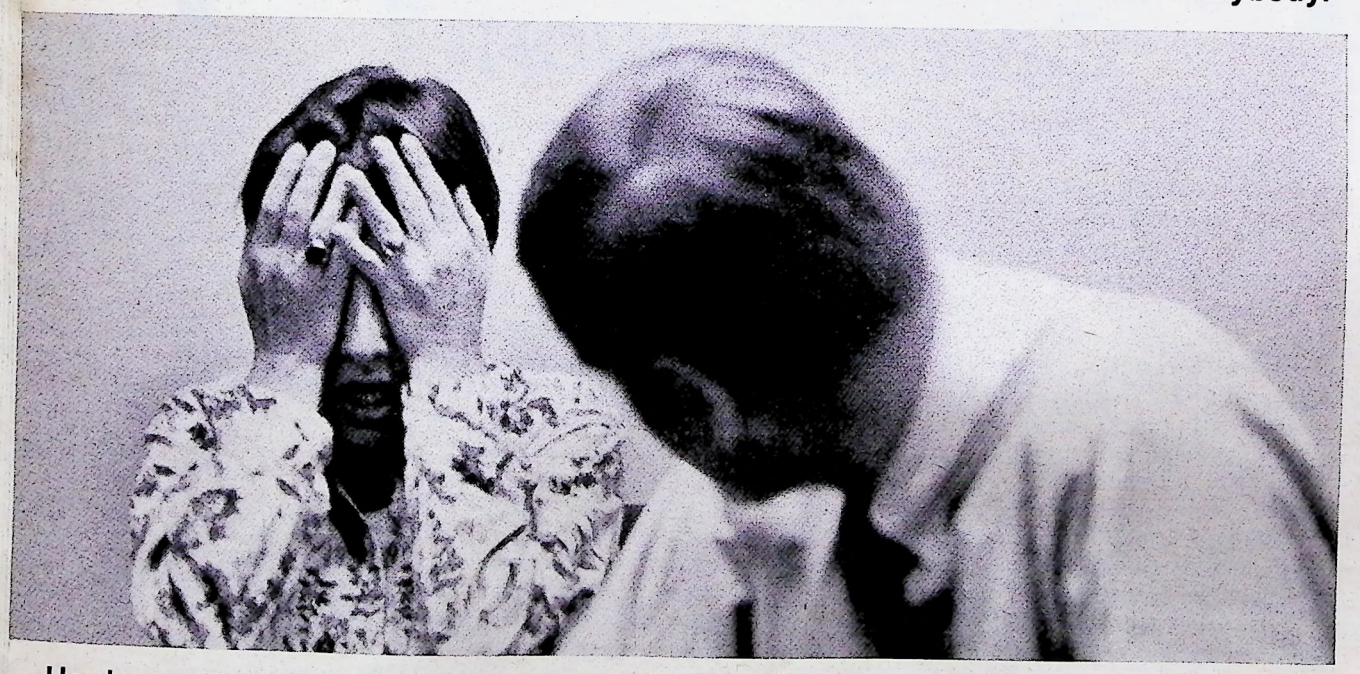
JACK SHEPHERD



Dr. Peter Hogan (left) starts a session by testing closed.

PLAYBACK...New aid in the

Barbara fights off her husband's offer of a helping hand with: "I don't need anybody."



He demands acceptance: "You won't admit I exist." She feels confused and isolated.

PSYCHOTHERAPY'S STEPCHILD, group analysis, is introducing a promising tool into a field that has often been accused of being too full of talk and empty of action. New York medical psychoanalysts Drs. Peter Hogan and Ian Alger, who practice as a team and individually, are using the TV camera and recorder much as they are used in football to rerun a touchdown pass play moments after it occurs. This equipment gives patients a second chance to see what, how and why things happened. Patients and doctors interact under the eye of the camera during the first 15 minutes of a group session. Then the recorded replay starts. Someone sees his own revealing gesture he never noticed before. Another catches the double level of love and anger his partner communicates. The tape is stopped. Comments like "I look like I didn't mean a word I was saying," or "I never knew I looked so pretty" are frequent. "Detachment is diminished," Hogan and Alger state. New patients are shocked. Old patients are revitalized. It's like looking in the morning mirror; no one is indifferent.

circuit TV equipment. Later, he leads Barbara (to his left) to talk of her feelings and her problem marriage.

ordeal of self-discovery

Erupting emotions surface with the intensifying effect of playback in group psychotherapy. Gus and Barbara start by telling the two couples and two doctors about their daily lives. They feel calm. Then a video replay is shown them. Emotions deepen, and soon their everyday problem unfolds in microcosm.

Barbara wrenches her hand away and smiles triumphantly over Gus. They have fallen again into familiar and lonely roles.

PRODUCED BY DONALD MONACO

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES H. KARALES

continued

In her isolation again, Barbara fears to let Dr. Alger hold her, but finally concedes in tears and pain.

Group therapy, once conceived as a less expensive substitute for private psychoanalysis, has found a life of its own, with its own innovators and techniques. The flood tide of young marrieds, ulcered executives, delinquents and troubled families flowing into doctors' offices has inspired techniques considered shocking by much of the psychotherapeutic community. "Hands off the patient" has been traditional cant. But some doctors now touch, hold, shout, mock and push patients, and patients push right back. The result is less talk, more direct feeling. Drs. Hogan and Alger, who teach other analysts, are cresting a new wave. Psychotherapy, birthed by revolutionaries, has at last come alive again.

Gus, torn by rejection, accepts Dr. Alger's hand and begins to see that love can be given without demands.

Gus later hugs his wife, and she accepts him. Exposed to Dr. Alger's simpler affection, which lacks the double-barreled burden of acceptance, both have seen something new. However brief this moment, it may eventually stabilize their troubled marriage.

No holds barred as emotions yield to daring approaches

The normal human resistance to change has been given a shake. There is a story current among therapists about the patient who challenged his analyst to switch to the couch and see how bored and resistant *he* would become. To the patient's surprise, the analyst did so. To the doctor's surprise, he promptly became resistant and bored. This odd, but true, story illustrates the new views and the new approaches.

Dr. Hogan recalls the group session when he and Dr. Alger removed all the chairs and had everyone sit on the floor. Simple moves like these are part of a tide that is shaking up and waking up both doctors and patients. Therapy for married couples and for entire families is growing at clinics all over the country. Hogan and Alger run a "saturation" group of four hours. The patient is scheduled for just once a month, but may drop in on any of the daily sessions, or none, depending on his mood. Physical movement and contact between members during the group session is becoming more and more common because fixed seats suggest fixed alliances and attitudes. Audiotapes are made and replayed. In Canada, one doctor uses a small hand mirror that he thrusts into the face of his patient for self-confrontation. Motion pictures have been used on alcoholics, to show them what they are like when they are drunk—with excellent results. LSD is being used by respected physicians.

Playback has been used by Hogan and Alger in individual and group therapy for more than a year, and is still one of the most promising and versatile of the new techniques. The inexpensive video-tape-recording setups may play the role of Leeuwenhoek's microscope to the psychotherapy field as they move into doctors' offices. Video recordings may provide the verifiable data and permanent records that critics have always accused psychotherapy of lacking, and the art may eventually prove to be a science. But for one woman, it will need no more justification. She saw herself on a replay and promptly lost 30 pounds. Did her weighty image on television revolt her? she was asked. "Oh, no. I thought I looked so good, I deserved better." Such surprising reactions are becoming less surprising to innovators, but are enough to make traditionalists in the field cry "Wow!" though they still point to the threat of being overwhelmed by a gadget. Away from this controversy, patients have more important fears to fight. Video playback is helping some of them to see themselves as others see them, and the enforced honesty holds out a weapon to their hope in the darkness.

Group member Sam (hands on chest) habitually uses his power to entertain to keep people at a safe distance. But here he can laugh as he mocks himself, in one of the lighter moments of the session, and learns that others can still love him.

END

MISSION TO THE STONE AGE

Dennis Cochrane says of his mission: "I've known I was coming here ever since I was a sophomore at Columbia Bible College in South Carolina. We are humble ambassadors of God to this needy land. We can't think of anything we'd rather be doing."

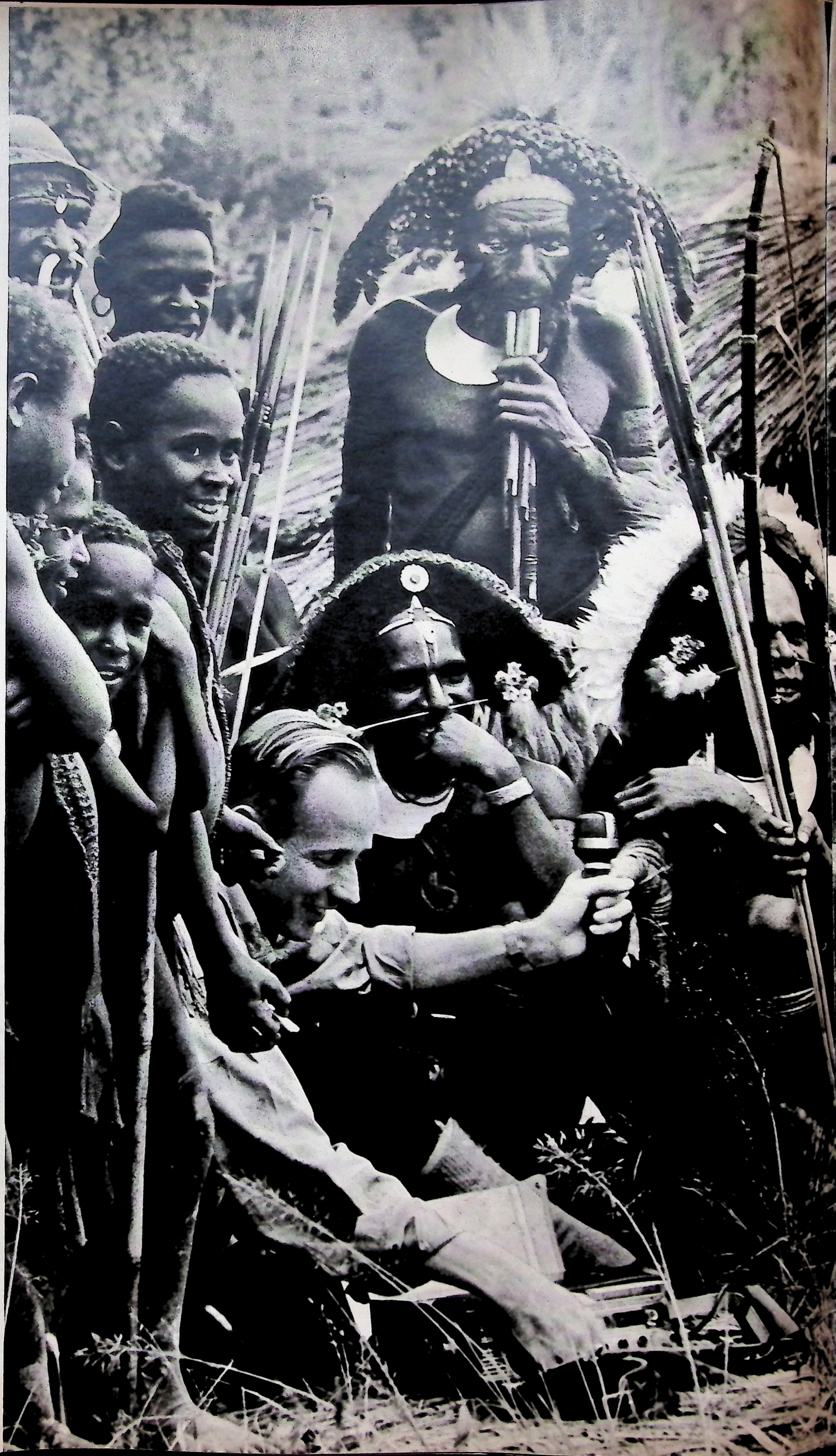
NANCY AND DENNIS COCHRANE are soft-spoken, self-effacing, durable young Americans who are totally committed to "propagating the word of God" among this world's primitive peoples. They are a linguist-translator team of the Summer Institute of Linguistics, which is an affiliate of Wycliffe Bible Translators, an international association of self-supporting, non-sectarian linguists. The aim of the group is to create written languages for primitive people who do not have them, and eventually to provide in these languages written versions of the Bible, text dictionaries and basic educational materials in the fields of sanitation, agriculture and general self-improvement. The Cochranes have chosen to carry out what they regard as a divinely inspired mission among the Duna tribes—people of the Southern Highlands of New Guinea. The Dunas wear almost no clothing—string or net aprons, reed skirts, leaves—and they smear pig grease on their bodies for protection and comfort. They live in low thatch huts, where a fire is always burning in the center of the floor and the men are housed separately from the women, because the latter are thought to have evil influence. The Dunas believe the earth is flat, and they devote a lot of time to appeasing the spirit world. Many strict taboos rule their lives.

continued

PRODUCED BY EVELYN NADEL
PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEONARD NADEL

THE NEW EVANGELISM CALLS FOR MIKES, TAPES AND TEACHING

The Cochranes are one of 67 Institute teams scattered through the jungles of the highlands and lowlands of New Guinea. Half of the teams are Americans; the others are largely Australians, New Zealanders and Britons. The natives' languages —there are 700 different ones in the Territory of Papua and New Guinea —are first recorded on tape, then the translator works out an alphabet for the spoken sounds. The vernacular orthography tries to approximate English orthography and include as well some tribal symbols relating to native arts and crafts.



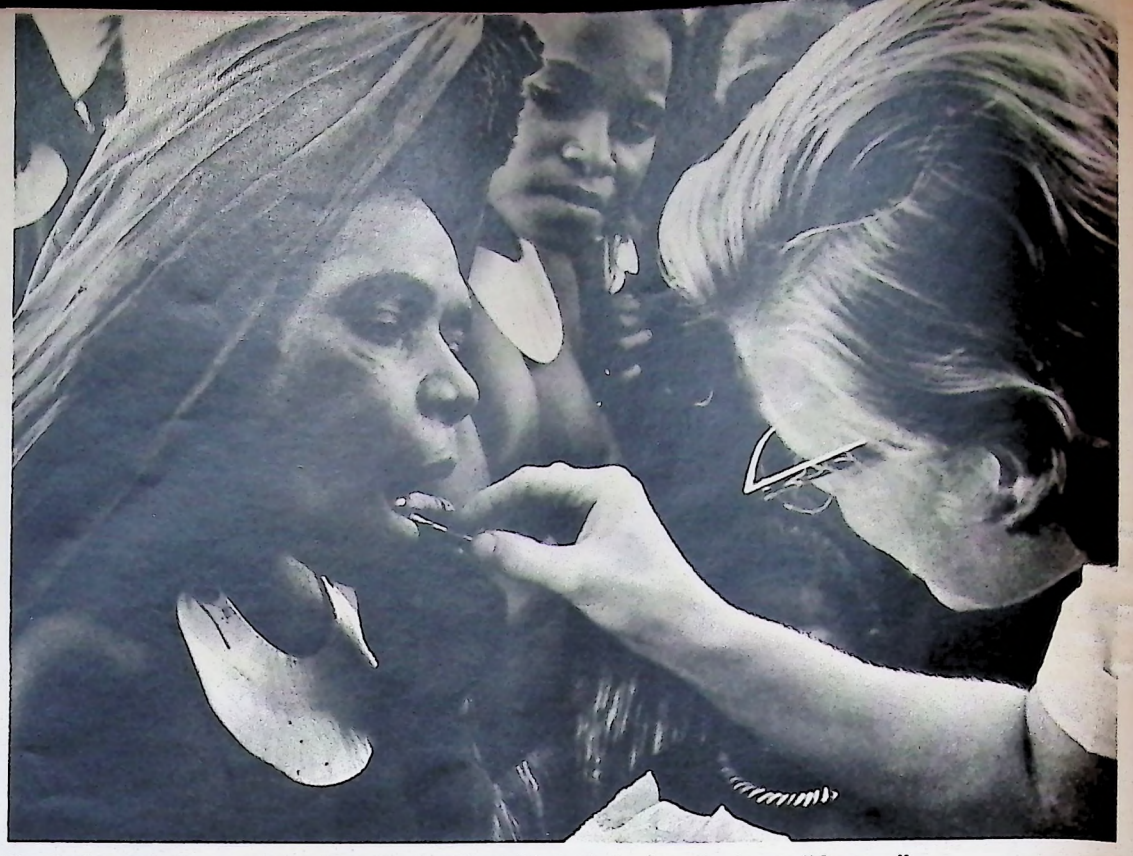
Dennis Cochrane makes a tape with a few of the Dunas. The Cochranes have been with this tribe for about two years. They plan to live with them for 15 years.

continued

Nancy Cochrane teaches the natives to read. Daughter Cathy is adored by the Dunas. There is another child, Paul, 5.

"THIS IS HOME TO US. WE LOVE THE DUNAS WITH A GOD-GIVEN WARMTH."

Before coming to the New Guinea highlands, the Cochranes studied survival techniques in an Institute jungle camp, one of three, in Mexico. During this three-month training period, new missionaries discover whether they are really cut out for the tough life ahead. "It helped us overcome a lot of our fears," says Nancy, "and our repugnance to grimy, sweaty, scantily clothed bodies." The teams take short leaves, every six months, to rest from their arduous work at an Institute operations base a few hundred miles away.



The Cochranes' all-around participation in village life includes functioning as "doctors." Here, Nancy applies oil of cloves to an ailing woman's gums. Below, a tribal chief, suffering from pneumonia, rests in litter before being flown to hospital. END

Make supper fun for everyone: hot franks and Campbell's Bean with Bacon Soup

Here's the new young way to eat: fun-style. Sizzling hot dogs. Campbell's Bean with Bacon Soup — a hearty bean purée loaded with tender pea beans and bits of smokehouse bacon. So good and nourishing! And a supper like this is fun for the family, too. So reach for the Campbell's. It's right on your shelf.

You always eat better with Campbell's

PRE

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED President Kennedy's burial in Arlington, his survivors were approached by several authors who wanted to write versions of the tragedy. Remembering the President's deep interest in history, the family decided that although such a book would be a further trial for them, one must be done. However, they wanted to name the writer.

Jacqueline Kennedy chose William Manchester. He had not been among those who had sought the task. Indeed, at that time, she had not even met him. But she remembered that her husband had known him, had spoken warmly of him, and had read and admired several of his books. In the early 1960's, their relationship had produced a short biography, Manchester's PORTRAIT OF A PRESIDENT. In 1962, the Kennedys had sent copies of it to their nieces and nephews as Christmas presents.

On February 5, 1964, ten weeks after the President's death, Robert Kennedy requested Manchester to write "an extensive account describing the events of and surrounding the death of President John F. Kennedy on November 22, 1963."

Manchester left his position at Wesleyan University on an indefinite leave of absence. Operating out of headquarters in the National Archives, he worked 12 to 15 hours a day for two years, conducting a major historical investigation throughout the United States, accumulating 45 volumes and portfolios of transcribed tapes, shorthand notes, documents and exhibits. Finally, in New England, he finished his 1,200-page manuscript.

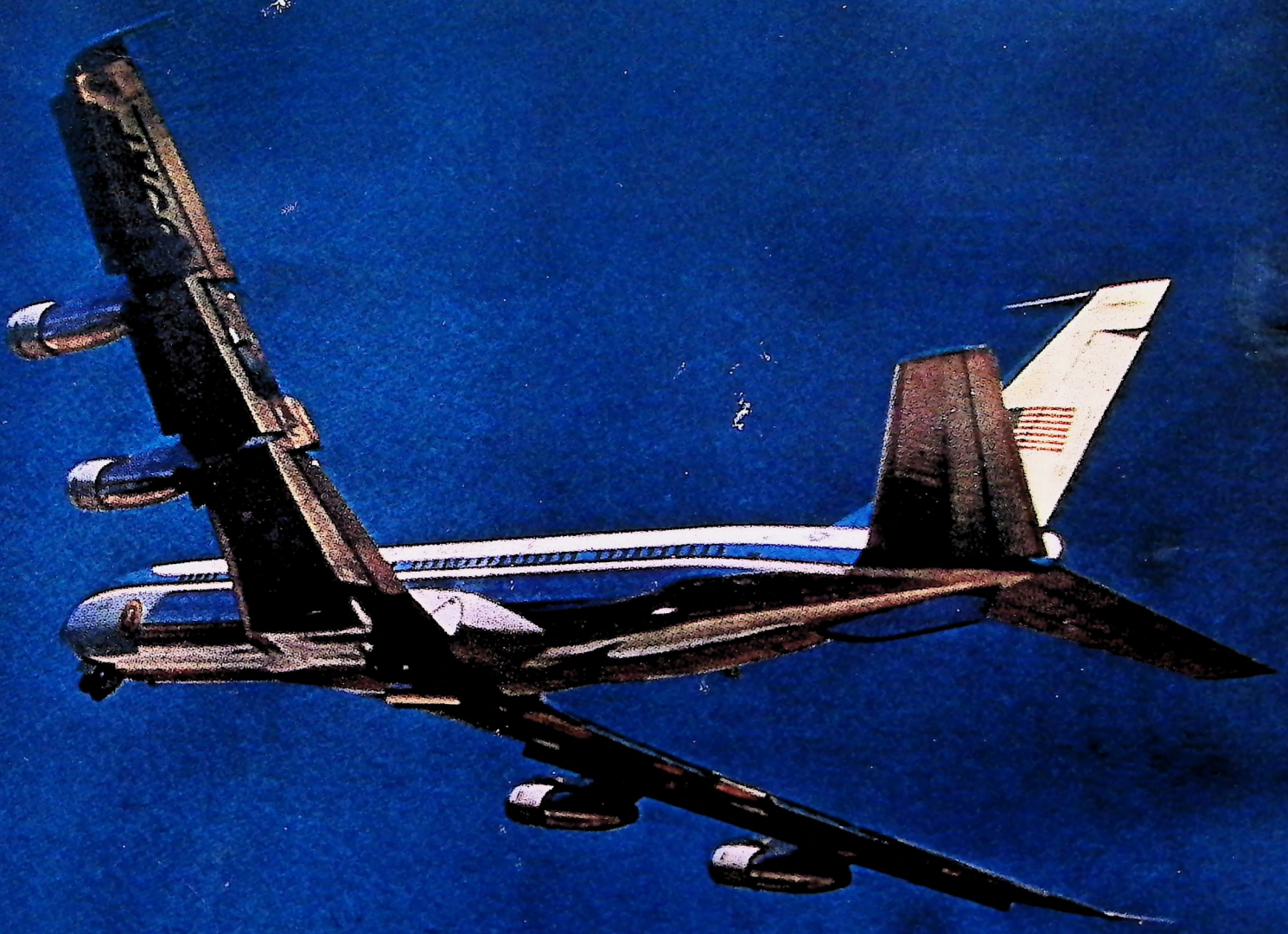
Throughout his work, the author maintained his independence as a scholar. He was on no Government payroll. He received no money from the Kennedys. On the contrary: he provided that all profits from the hard-cover edition of the book after the first U.S. printing should be contributed to the Kennedy Library, and that the Library should receive the bulk of the proceeds from paperback and book-club sales. The manuscript was submitted for comment to five distinguished men, all of whom had been close to the late President. The writer weighed their suggestions and incorporated most of them into the book. Only then, and with the written approval of Robert Kennedy—who had not read the manuscript, but who knew of President Kennedy's respect for Mr. Manchester and his work—did the author proceed with plans to publish.

THE EDITORS

THE DEATH OF A DENT

BY WILLIAM MANCHESTER

Air Force One, code name Angel, the ship
that brought one President of the U.S. to Dallas
...and returned with two



THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT

BY WILLIAM MANCHESTER

PART ONE

DESPITE obvious differences in temperament and style, John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson shared one grand passion—politics—and in the autumn of 1963, a political issue was about to take the President and his Vice-President a thousand miles from Washington, into deepest Texas.

They had no choice but to go. The state's Democratic party was rent by factionalism. Gov. John B. Connally, Jr., and Sen. Ralph Yarborough were stalking one another with shivs. In 1960, the Kennedy-Johnson ticket had carried Texas by an eyelash. If the Governor and the Senator didn't agree to a truce soon, the national ticket wouldn't stand a chance there next fall. No Presidential leader writes off 25 electoral votes easily, so Kennedy was obliged to step in and patch things up. He had to make a real production of the trip, with Connally, Yarborough, Johnson and himself appearing together in public and in apparent harmony. The prospect was unappetizing and vexing to the Chief Executive. It appeared to him that Johnson ought to be able to resolve this petty dispute himself; the trip seemed to be an imposition.

Actually, Johnson's problems were authentic. Politically, he had become a cipher because he lacked a power base. The chasm between the President's oval office and Vice-President Johnson's across the street on the second floor of the Executive Office Building was enormous. Newspapermen were aware of every move the First Family made. The second family was largely disregarded. Mrs. Johnson had never seen the inside of the famous Presidential plane, Air Force One. If Johnson wanted to use a plane, he had to apply to the President's Air Force Aide, Brig. Gen. Godfrey McHugh, and sometimes—mortifying to a man of his extreme sensitivity—the request was denied. Moreover, LBJ had now become aware of groundless but persistent rumors that he might be dropped from next fall's ticket.

For Kennedy, the Texas trip brought but one consolation: His wife was going to accompany him. Her decision had come as a surprise. In the summer of 1963, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy had died in an oxygen chamber of a Boston hospital 40 hours after birth. The blow to the parents had been staggering. All fall, Jacqueline Kennedy's convalescence had been the chief concern of her husband's private life. And afterward, after the terrible tragedy in Dallas, she would remember how she had told him, "There's just one thing I couldn't stand—if I ever lost you...." Her voice had drifted off, leaving the unthinkable unspoken, and he had murmured reassuringly, "I know, I know."

She had wanted to stay with him and the children. He had a different plan: She should forget herself in other lands. His mind was made up, so she went, and the separation became a strange hiatus between tragedy and tragedy. She wrote him ten-page letters punctuated with dashes, as in everything she wrote. She told him how much she missed him; of her sorrow that he could not, at the moment, share with her the tension-free atmosphere of the Mediterranean.

To her astonishment, the thing worked. Everywhere, she was feted, and those weeks were a spectacular diversion. She returned on October 17 in far better spirits than she had thought possible. At the time of Patrick's death, it had been announced that she would rest until January 1. Now, Dr. John Walsh, her obstetrician, felt her recovery was complete, so she decided to reappear sooner.

"We'll campaign," she told the President. "I'll campaign with you anywhere you want." And when he asked her whether that included the expedition with Lyndon, she flipped open her red-leather appointment book and scrawled "Texas" across November 21, November 22 and November 23. Kennedy was delighted.

He was also nervous. He was afraid that later she would regret having gone. He wanted her to enjoy this trip so she would make others. And he was determined that his wife should look her best in Texas. For the first time in their marriage, he asked her what she intended to wear. Dallas especially interested him. "There are going to be all these rich Republican women at that lunch, wearing mink coats and diamond bracelets," he said. "Be simple—show these Texans what good taste really is." So she tramped in and out of his room, holding dresses in front of her.

"If it's so important that I look all right in Dallas," she asked him, "why do I have to be blown around in a motorcade first?" He explained: Exposure, like patronage, was a source of political strength. You had to be seen. You had to move through crowds. And you had to move slowly.

Twice on the day before their departure for Texas, he telephoned Pamela Turnure, his wife's press secretary, to discuss the First Lady's hair. Pam suggested putting the bubble top on the car. No. Barring rain, they had to be easily seen. He and Pam discussed women's hats until the President, out of his element, reduced it to a joke. "Take a 45-minute drive around Washington in an open car with Dave Powers," he ordered. "See what you look like when you come back."

That was on Wednesday, November 20, 1963. Robert Kennedy later remembered that his brother's manner then—as, indeed, for the ten previous days—had been often gloomy.

Certainly he had been saturnine that Tuesday morning. The children were at Atoka, Va., with their mother, cutting school, so he had missed

continued

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT, *a forthcoming selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, is William Manchester's eighth book. In addition to four novels, he has written* DISTURBER OF THE PEACE: THE LIFE OF H. L. MENCKEN, A ROCKEFELLER FAMILY PORTRAIT, *and* PORTRAIT OF A PRESIDENT, *and is now completing a major study of the German armaments family, the Krupps. Born April 1, 1922, in Attleboro, Mass., Manchester received his BA from the University of Massachusetts and his MA from the University of Missouri. After serving with the U.S. Marine Corps in the Pacific during World War II, he became a foreign correspondent for the Baltimore* Sun. *A fellow of the Wesleyan University Center for Advanced Studies, he lives in Middletown, Conn.*

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his French lesson. This was a closely guarded secret. The President had decided that the most effective way to tackle Charles de Gaulle would be to learn his language—*really* learn it—and then negotiate in it. His teacher was Caroline's French teacher. Since September, she had been tutoring the President mornings in the Mansion.

"How long do you think it will take me?" he had asked Madame Jacqueline Hirsch at the outset. "A year," she had replied. He couldn't resist the challenge: "I bet I do it in six months."

But there was no lesson on this Tuesday. So he stalked over to the office, which was soon crackling with one appointment after another. Press Secretary Pierre Salinger entered. At midnight, Pierre would fly to Honolulu with Dean Rusk and McGeorge Bundy for a Vietnam council of war; then he, Rusk and five other Cabinet members would proceed to Japan. The press believed Pierre's trip was a joyride. It wasn't. Kennedy hadn't forgotten his predecessor's Japanese fiasco, when leftist riots had forced Eisenhower to cancel a call there. He meant to restore American prestige in Japan with a February visit. Pierre's job was to set things up. . . .

Dusk gathered in the Rose Garden, night fell, and the appointments continued on and on. Mrs. Kennedy was still at Atoka, but the children were now back. When the last visitor of the day had departed, he took the children for a swim in the pool, and retired after dinner to an evening of paper work in the oval study on the second floor of the Mansion. There were the drafts of the Texas speeches; personal matters; and new items of political significance, for 1964 pressures were building up month by month. He had a strong hunch that the GOP would yield to its death wish and nominate Barry Goldwater, but he couldn't count on such fantastic luck, so he was planning a maximum effort. If Goldwater became the sacrificial lamb, so much the better; he would vanish in a historic landslide. The President was confident of a smashing reelection. Before he left office, he felt, he would be the senior statesman of the West, perhaps of the world, and he was already planning the second Kennedy Administration. His brother wanted to bow out as Attorney General. Then there was Douglas Dillon, who wanted to leave the Treasury. And there was Rusk. Aware that the President intended to be his own foreign minister, Rusk had leaned on him increasingly in other ways. After the second Inaugural, the Cabinet would almost certainly be headed by Secretary of State Robert McNamara. Bobby had tentatively decided that once Rusk had left, he would ask to be Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs. But the Cabinet reshuffle could wait. . . .

His first meeting on Wednesday was breakfast with the legislative leadership. Sen. Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota and House Whip Hale Boggs of Louisiana said they were disturbed over reports that there might be trouble in Dallas. Kennedy said the thought that an American President would not go into *any* American city was simply unacceptable. "Mr. President," Boggs said half-jokingly, "you're going into a hornet's nest." Kennedy replied absently, "Well, that always creates interesting crowds."

Texas *would* be rough. Here, as elsewhere, the national leadership did what it could to keep the peace. But Texas scorned peace. Each county was an autonomous duchy, each was faction-ridden. They were political cannibals, and a naïve outsider venturing among them could be eaten alive. Kennedy was not naïve. At the Los Angeles convention of 1960, where Johnson had attempted to wrest the Presidential nomination from him, Kennedy himself had been smitten by Johnsonian partisans, who had spread rumors that he would not live out his first term because he was "diseased." (After Los Angeles, they blandly explained that they had been referring to Addison's disease.) Connally had consented to the coming trip, and for two weeks, guides from the Democratic National Committee had been scouting the most treacherous marshes.

The President was only vaguely aware of the details of the blazing feud between Connally and Yarborough. Yet it was an old one, older than the feuders themselves. Its origins were ideological. In the '30's, the rightist Jeffersonian Democrats and Texas regulars had bolted FDR. In 1944, they sent a rival delegation to the National Convention. In '52, they deserted Adlai Stevenson. Encouraged by Sam Rayburn, moderate Byron Skelton, an attorney, had accepted the post of national committeeman.

The populist heirs had staged an uprising of their own, forming a liberal faction called the Democrats of Texas (DOT). DOT's hero was Ralph (Raff) Yarborough, who ran three unsuccessful campaigns before becoming a U.S. senator in 1957. Raff was forever squabbling with other Democrats. Nevertheless, he was the only Texas liberal to hold statewide office. In Los Angeles, when the rest of the state party rallied to Johnson's favorite-son candidacy, he supported John Kennedy. They punished him by refusing him a seat in the Texas delegation; the Senator had to sit in the gallery as a spectator. Reprisals would have gone farther, but Rayburn intervened. Then, a year later, he died. His calming influence vanished. The rightists were free to gang up on the populist maverick. Furthermore, they now had a leader cut from whipcord. Johnson had never won their complete trust. His loyalties were uncertain. John Connally, however, was a priceless gift. Connally had been Johnson's administrative assistant and Kennedy's Secretary of the Navy, and now he was his own governor. Outsiders still thought of him as a Kennedy-Johnson man. They were mistaken. His conservatism, like Yarborough's liberalism, was genuine.

The Governor was a classic example of the poor boy who has risen above his origins and despises them. Connally had acquired suavity and guile. He first became the friend of wealthy men and then their staunch ally. Studying the hardship of the Texas poor had made Ralph Yarborough an adversary of those whom he regarded as responsible for it. Indigence itself was John Connally's enemy. As Johnson said privately, Connally felt comfortable only in $300 suits and custom-made shoes, and in the company of other men wearing them. The wall between him and his dire boyhood could never be thick enough. As Governor, he had carefully disassociated himself from the liberals in Washington. He went all out for conservatism. And like the President, he had his eye on the coming election. Barring primary upsets, Connally and Yarborough would be campaigning with Kennedy and Johnson. The Governor wanted to run ahead of the ticket. He wanted Yarborough to lose, and with that in mind, he planned to make political capital out of the forthcoming Presidential tour.

As chief executive of the state, he would be host to the national Chief Executive. Presidential aide Ken O'Donnell and his colleague, Larry O'Brien, told all parties concerned that the Governor was being "dealt a big hand." The first inkling of how he intended to play that hand came early in October. Before flying East to discuss details of the trip, Connally conferred in Dallas with the city's power elite—J. Erik Jonsson, chairman of the powerful Citizens Council; Robert Cullum, president of the Chamber of Commerce; R. L. Thornton, chairman of the Mercantile National Bank; Joe Dealey, son of the publisher of the Dallas *Morning News* (his father was absent in Washington); and Albert Jackson of the Dallas *Times Herald*. In effect, the Governor apologized for the President's visit. He himself was in a bind, he said. He couldn't tell the Chief Executive *not* to come. But he wanted them to know that he had no intention of becoming "Kennedy's errand boy." Indeed, if he used the occasion to humiliate Yarborough, Texas liberalism might be crushed. He said, "I've got to have a nonpolitical body to represent Dallas, and you gentlemen are it by your associations."

In the Capital, on October 3, he called a meeting of Texans on the Hill—Yarborough was not asked—and told them that the President wanted to visit San Antonio, Houston, Fort Worth and Dallas. Kennedy's strength in Texas, as Connally saw it, was among "Negroes and brass-collar Democrats." Unfortunately, they were poor, and the national leadership wanted the journey to be a fund-raising drive. "The people who are for Kennedy are people without money. I've checked with businessmen. They aren't about to contribute to his campaign." Henry Gonzalez, the San Antonio liberal, broke in. "What businessmen did you talk to?" he asked angrily. "If they're the ones you've been appointing, I wouldn't expect them to be for Kennedy, because they are a bunch of Republicans. I'll get you businessmen. You may not like them, though, because they won't support you." The Governor stuck to his theme. The following day, he took the same line with Kennedy: Keep the Presidency above politics. It was absurd. The Presidency *is* politics. Kennedy's difficulty was that he couldn't alienate Connally; if a ceremonial tour would give the appearance of a united Democratic front in Texas, he would settle for that.

On October 20, Senator Yarborough re-

minded the White House that he had a record of unwavering devotion to Kennedy. Was he to be snubbed in his home state? If so, he preferred to brood in Washington. He was reassured. For Kennedy, a trip without Yarborough would be worse than no trip at all. There would be indignation among the Texas liberals, and retribution in the campaign to come.

Connally, meanwhile, had been busy spinning his intricate webs. Jerry Bruno, advance man for the Democratic National Committee, learned of one Connally scheme to put Senator Yarborough in his place. The details are important because they involve the choice of the site where the President would speak in Dallas and, as a consequence, the motorcade route he would take.

There were three major choices: the Women's Building, Market Hall and the Trade Mart. Bruno preferred the Women's Building. It was rather drab, but it would attract working people. However, it developed that the low-ceilinged structure was unsuitable for one of Connally's schemes. In Dallas and in Austin, he wanted two-tiered head tables. The President, the Vice-President and the Governor would sit at the top table. Lesser officials—such as the state's senior senator Yarborough—would be relegated to the lesser table. It was within Bruno's power to make a final decision on the spot. Had he insisted on the Women's Building, the Dallas motorcade would not have passed beneath the Texas School Book Depository. Because he hesitated, the matter remained unsettled. The Secret Service regarded all three sites as acceptable. The issue was bucked up to the White House, where the policy was still to appease Connally. On November 14, O'Donnell opted for the Trade Mart, though the two-tiered head table was rejected. (The Warren Commission reported that the luncheon site was selected by the Secret Service with O'Donnell's approval. This is incorrect. The decision was a political decision, made by politicians. Bruno was among the witnesses whom the Commission did not summon.)

The Governor was content. The stratagem would be just as effective in Austin, where he also planned a reception for the President, with no invitation for Senator Yarborough.

CHAPTER TWO

ALL MONTH, the leonine Democratic national committeeman from Texas, Byron Skelton, had been troubled by a premonition. Now in his late fifties, he was the epitome of Southern respectability, and three years earlier, he had played a leading role in staging the historic confrontation between Roman Catholic Kennedy and skeptical Protestant preachers of the Greater Houston Ministerial Association. Skelton's performance in Houston had earned the respect and gratitude of the President. Now, however, the atmosphere in Dallas had become so highly charged by inflammatory statements that Skelton was genuinely concerned. On November 4, he decided to act. "Frankly," he wrote the Attorney General, he would "feel better if the President's itinerary did not include Dallas."

Two days later, he wrote Walter Jenkins, Lyndon Johnson's right-hand man, expressing further misgivings about the city, and to make certain he had touched all bases, he flew to Washington and talked to Democratic National Chairman John Bailey and Jerry Bruno at the National Committee. The upshot of all Skelton's efforts was an enormous zero. On November 8, the Attorney General, who knew him and took him seriously, forwarded his letter to O'Donnell, but Ken decided it was an unsupported hunch.

No one, including Byron Skelton, dreamed that Kennedy would be killed in Dallas, though there were many who feared that he might be embarrassed. The Dallas mood was no secret. The most casual newspaper readers knew that it had a history of ugly incidents. In the 1960 campaign, a mob of Dallas housewives had sprayed the Lyndon Johnsons with saliva. More recently, UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson had been assaulted on UN Day, October 24. The following day, Presidential assistant Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., telephoned the Ambassador. Stevenson said he had been shocked by the hatred in Dallas. He seriously wondered whether the President should go. He later called back to withdraw his objections. Since leaving Dallas, Schlesinger concluded, Stevenson had regained his perspective.

Perhaps it was just the other way around. The closer an observer was to Dallas, the graver was his concern. Presidential advisers who knew Dallas by reputation thought there might be a few boos. Perhaps the most clear-cut warning to the President himself came from Sen. J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, a liberal from a state that borders Texas. Because of the city's history of political violence, he deeply distrusted it. He was afraid—physically afraid—and he readily admitted it. On October 3, the day before Kennedy's final planning conference with Connally, Fulbright pleaded with the President to bypass Dallas: "Dallas is a very dangerous place. *I* wouldn't go there." And, "Don't *you* go."

In Dallas itself, there was genuine alarm. Both newspapers ran editorials calling for restraint. Police Chief Jesse Curry publicly put Dallas on notice that his department would take "immediate action to block any improper conduct." He drew on every available reserve. The city glittered with badges.

There was a chorus of warnings. And then, there was a catastrophe. Between the two lies an abyss that can never be adequately explored. Ten months after the tragedy, the Warren Commission found "no evidence" of any connection between the crime of Lee Harvey Oswald and the city's "general atmosphere of hate." The finding was a consensus. Individual commissioners had strong reservations. The verdict was influenced by expediency. The Commission's members hoped their report would receive the widest possible acceptance. A majority believed that conjecture about Dallas might tend to discredit their other findings. Therefore, they hedged. They acknowledged that the assassin had known of Dallas's political tension, but concluded that there was "no way to judge what the effect of the general political ferment present in that city might have been, even though Oswald was aware of it."

The key word here is "judge." Obviously, it is impossible to define the exact relationship between an individual and his environment. If we discuss it, we are speculating. But legitimate speculation is one of the duties of historians. Their sources cannot be confined to fingerprints, ballistics tests and spectrographic examinations. To be sure, the Dallas assassin did not belong to a conventional criminal conspiracy. Lee Oswald was called "a loner." But nearly everyone seized upon the word to describe him and also to explain him. They were all wrong. It is true that he had a one-track mind. The mind of every assassin runs on a narrow-gauge track. Yet no man lives in a void. His every act is conditioned by his time and his society. John Wilkes Booth was not an agent of the Confederacy. Despite early assumptions, he had acted on his own. But his victim was murdered at a critical hour in our history, in a city swarming with Southern sympathizers and hardened by seditious talk. Establishing the precise link between deed, era and locale is a hopeless task, yet to suggest that there was no relationship—that the crime in Ford's Theatre could have been committed in a community untroubled by crisis—is ridiculous.

In the third year of the Kennedy Presidency, there was something in Dallas unrelated to conventional politics—a disease of the spirit, a shrill, hysterical note suggestive of a deeply troubled society. Texas led the United States in homicide, and "Big D" led Texas. There were more murders in Dallas each month than in all England. Furthermore, nearly three out of every four slayings (72 percent) were by gunfire. Big D had no requirement for firearms' registration. Before November 22, there had been 110 murders committed in Dallas in 1963.

Dallas had no corner on Presidential hate. But it was the one American metropolis in which incitement to violence had become respectable. The origins of its implacable hostility to the New Frontier lay in a profound longing for the values, real and imagined, of the old frontier. No one could honestly depict John Kennedy as a plainsman. His private wealth and starchy New England vowels were bad enough. The ultimate outrage, however, was his challenge to Dallas's tribal instincts. The President was a thoughtful man. On yesterday's frontier, the man who paused to think didn't survive. Kennedy called for diversity, tolerance, nonconformity. In pioneer society, everyone stuck together and circled the wagons against the Indians. So the Eastern stranger was a

continued

SECRET SERVICE CODE—NOVEMBER, 1963

Castle—The White House
Charcoal—The precise location of the President at any given moment, during a trip
L's FOR THE PRESIDENT AND HIS FAMILY:
Lancer—President John F. Kennedy
Lace—Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy
Lyric—Caroline Kennedy
Lark—John Kennedy, Jr.
V's FOR VICE-PRESIDENT AND HIS FAMILY:
Volunteer—Lyndon B. Johnson
Victoria—Lady Bird Johnson
W's FOR STAFF:
Wand—Ken O'Donnell, Lancer's chief vassal
Willow—Evelyn Lincoln
Wayside—Pierre Salinger
Warrior—Mac Kilduff
Watchman—Maj. Gen. Ted Clifton
Wing—Brig. Gen. Godfrey McHugh
Witness—Capt. Tazewell Shepard
D's FOR SECRET SERVICE MEN:
Digest—Roy Kellerman
Dazzle—Clint Hill
Deacon—Floyd Boring
Debut—Paul Landis
Drummer—Lynn Meredith—kiddie detail
Dresser—Bob Foster—kiddie detail
Dasher—Tom Wells—kiddie detail

threat. Moreover, the germ of piety was very real; and the thunder of moral indignation is clearly evident in the editorials of the Dallas *Morning News*, whose anti-Administration crusade was the key to Big D's absolutism.

The publisher and chairman of the board was E. M. (Ted) Dealey, a heavy man with green-tinted spectacles who also owned Dallas's television station WFAA. Under Dealey's leadership, the *News* had made radical excesses reputable in the early 1960's. In the two months before the Presidential trip to Texas, his paper was mounting an all-out assault on John Kennedy to blacken his name.

BEFORE BREAKFAST on Thursday, November 21, the President drew on his back brace, laced his shoes, the left one of which had a quarter-inch medical lift, slipped into the clothes his valet had selected, anchored his conservative tie with a bright PT-boat clip and pocketed a black-leather wallet with $26 in bills and a gold St. Christopher medal that was fastened to it. He looked like a successful, confident American father about to embark on a crucial business trip, which is precisely what he was.

"Caroline!" he called. "John!" They came running: John in plaid shorts, Caroline in a blue leotard and a blue-velvet dress. Their mother was having her hair combed, so they had him pretty much to themselves at breakfast, babbling excitedly as he riffled through the newspapers. At 9:15, the President's daughter had to go to school. She embraced him, whispered, "Bye, Daddy" ("*Bye, Caroline*") and was gone.

In the West Wing, the President rang for his secretary, Evelyn Lincoln. "How about this weather report?" he asked. He waved Brig. Gen. Godfrey McHugh's forecast. "I want that checked." At 10:42 a.m., she came back with bad news. The next two days in Texas would be hot. "Hot?" Kennedy cried in dismay. He lunged for his telephone and dialed his wife's maid's extension. "Pack some cool dresses," he said urgently. But it was too late; the dresses were already in the helicopter. Kennedy hung up and swore mightily under his breath. All his precautions to make certain that his wife would have a good time—and now, debacle. He pictured her riding in the Dallas motorcade, perspiring in that pink suit. McHugh had blundered; he had promised cool weather. He had mobilized every veteran meteorologist in the Government, had assembled reports from the U.S. Weather Bureau, from Andrews Air Force Base and from the weather bureau at the Chief Executive's destination. Data had been accumulated on the present and on the predictable future. It was all very military. Unfortunately, it didn't work. Kennedy's blood was up. He dialed McHugh's extension, chewed him out, and summoned O'Donnell.

"Damn it, Kenny, let's check with local airports from now on," he stormed. "Or let Mrs. Lincoln do it. She's accurate. She's also cheaper." He swore again. "Hot. *Hot*. Jackie's clothes are all packed, and they're the wrong clothes." A third oath. He rose and left the office.

On the Mansion's second floor, he met his wife's maid. "Get John," he said. "I want to take him with me." In moments, the delighted little boy was snug in his tiny London Fog raincoat and sou'wester, which actually resembled a miniature Army fatigue hat. At the helipad, most of the Texas party had already gathered, together with a handful of well-wishers who had strolled out from West Wing offices to see them off. Evelyn Lincoln, Military Aide Maj. Gen. Ted Clifton and three agents were already aboard helicopter No. 1. Young John joined them. Presidential physician Dr. George Burkley was on No. 2; Assistant Press Secretary Mac Kilduff was in No. 3 with reporters of the White House press pool. Kennedy, bareheaded in the drizzle, vaulted into No. 1. Out of the Rose Garden, Mrs. Kennedy appeared. She scrambled aboard in a two-piece white wool-*bouclé* dress and a coat—just the thing for a chilly day. Her husband took a sharp breath and glared at McHugh. The rotors began to spin. . . .

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1963, the White House telephone number was still NAtional 8-1414, and when the man of the house was home, communications were relatively simple. But the moment the Chief Executive left his helipad, all that changed. Elaborate security precautions went into effect. Even names were altered. Code replaced them. From time to time, names and groupings were changed. One man who was Porter (P) in November, 1963, later become Super (S) and then River (R). The White House was no longer the White House. It was Castle, and during a trip, the precise location of the President at any given moment was Charcoal. He himself was no longer John Kennedy. He was Lancer, who was married to Lace, whose children were a daughter named Lyric and a son named Lark. The First Family was all in the L's—though Lyric's and Lark's grandmother lived in a Georgetown house that was referred to as Hamlet. Secret Service men were in the D's. W's were for staff. V's were reserved for the Vice-President and his family. Lyndon Johnson was Volunteer; Lady Bird, who had never had much luck with names, became Victoria. Tourists thought of the President's home as stationary, at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. They were wrong. The White House was wherever Lancer happened to be, and when he traveled, the key switchboard was a jungle of color-coded wires in the Executive Mansion's east basement, manned by elite Signal Corps technicians of the White House Communications Agency.

At Andrews Air Force Base, chopper No. 1 settled down beside the immaculate splendor of Air Force One, Aircraft 26000. John's mother and father hugged him. "I want to come," he told his father. "You can't," the President said gently. The little boy began to cry. The President kissed his son for the last time and patted the trembling shoulders in the small raincoat. Then he looked at the agent who would be staying behind. He said, "You take care of John, Mr. Foster."

EARLIER THAT MORNING, 5,000 cheap handbills had appeared on the streets of Dallas. At the top were two offset photographs of the President, one full face and one in profile. The effect was that of a Bertillon police poster. The headline read:

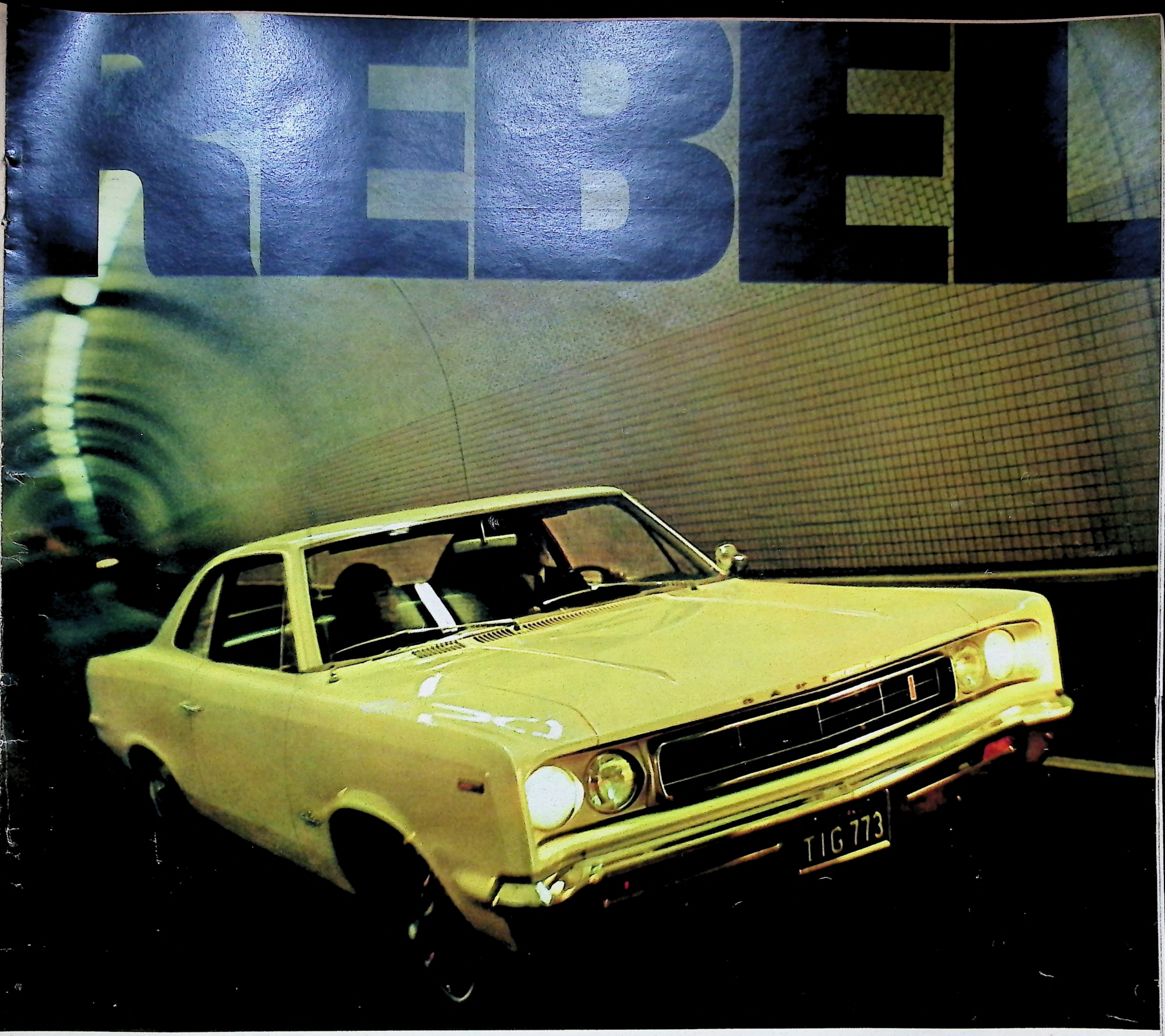
WANTED FOR TREASON

"THIS MAN," the dodger declared, "is wanted for treasonous activities against the United States," and it offered a seven-point bill of particulars. Any hater, left or right, could find fuel in it.

Its significance may be exaggerated, however. There was no connection between the President's assassin and its printers. And Kennedy's Dallas enemies were already aflame anyhow. W.E. Greiner Junior High School announced that students could go to tomorrow's motorcade provided their parents came for them. One teacher told her pupils: "Nobody here will be let out for that parade. I don't care if your whole family shows up. You're not going, I'm not going, period." She smiled faintly, a smartly dressed young woman in her mid-twenties. "If I did see him," she said, "I'd just spit in his face."

An hour later, the first edition of the after-

continued on page 47



Rebel 550 Sports Sedan: more excitement machine for your money!

Now—the first excitement machines in the intermediate-class storm ahead—with styling, size, performance, and innovations that are leaving other intermediates way behind! Look quick at the Rebel 550 2-door Sports Sedan above and you'd swear it's an SST hardtop. Look at its price sticker and you'll see it's the lowest-priced Rebel in the line! And when you peel off the sticker, who'll know? Up front, you can order Typhoon V-8 thunder, available at 290 and 343 cubic inches. And, if you're so inclined, you can team up either one of those mighty V-8s with a butter-smooth 4-on-the-floor stick shift. Down below, there's a newly developed wide stance that tracks like a train, and a 4-link rear suspension to gentle rough roads. Out back, there are rear side wink lights that glow in the dark. Inside, there's more people-room than any other car in its class. And it's all mounted on a nimble 114" wheelbase.

Safety in the excitement machines. Every 1967 Rebel includes the long-awaited energy-absorbing steering column as standard equipment. In addition, there's the three-spoke deep-dish wheel; Double-Safety braking system with warning signal light; 4-way flashers; seat belts front and rear (retractable in front); and more built-in safety features to help you drive with care and confidence...all built into a solid, single-unit body. Choose from Rebel SST hardtop or convertible; 770 hardtop, sedan or wagon; 550 sedans or wagon. There's an excitement machine that's right for your money at your **American Motors/Rambler Dealer.**

THE NOW CARS FROM THE 1967 AMERICAN MOTORS

AMBASSADOR · MARLIN · REBEL · RAMBLER AMERICAN

READ HOW YOUR INVESTMENT IS PROTECTED BY THIS GREAT NEW WARRANTY: 5 years or 50,000 miles on engine, drive train, suspension and steering—2 years or 24,000 miles on all other parts. American Motors Corporation warrants engine block, head and internal parts, water pump, intake manifold, transmission case and internal parts (except manual clutch), torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle housing and internal parts, front and rear suspension (except shock absorbers and attaching parts), steering pump, steering gear assembly, steering linkage, wheel bearings and road wheels of its 1967 cars to be free from defects in material or workmanship for 5 years or 50,000 miles. †Owner must, every 4,000 miles or 6 months, † change engine oil and install new oil filter; every 4,000 miles, clean oil filler cap (filter type), clean carburetor air cleaner element, inspect and correct fluid levels, drive belts and exhaust manifold heat valve; every 12,000 miles, service positive crankcase ventilation and exhaust emission control systems; every 24,000 miles, tune automatic transmission, replace carburetor air cleaner element; every 2 years, replace engine coolant; every 32,000 miles or 3 years, † inspect and lubricate chassis; and every 6 months, furnish evidence of this service to an authorized American Motors Dealer and have him certify its receipt and car's mileage. Further, entire car is so warranted for 2 years or 24,000 miles, † except tires (warranted by tire manufacturer). Any part so defective, will be repaired or replaced in accordance with applicable portion of the Warranty, without charge at an authorized American Motors Dealership. Owner responsible for deterioration, misuse and normal maintenance, replacement of service items, normal deterioration of soft trim and appearance items. **QUALITY BUILT IN—SO THE VALUE STAYS IN.**

†Whichever comes first

Clip these recipes for your file now! This dinner serves four.

When you and Kraft get together, thrifty dishes become brand new favorites. You discover that everyday meals can be wonderfully *good* meals. Easy to make and pretty to look at, too. For this, there's nothing else quite like Kraft experience and quality. From the very start you know it will taste better when you make it with Kraft.

Circle Salad. Such a bright, tempting salad is sure to tantalize your family's so-so wintertime appetites. Its lively crowning touch is Miracle Whip. The one-and-only flavor of this creamy salad dressing—from a bouquet of fresh-ground spices—wakes up the natural goodness of fresh vegetables. For each serving, arrange slices of carrot and cucumber on a slice of crisp lettuce. Top with Miracle Whip.

Reach for Kraft
it's worth it!

Skillet Meatloaf. A tasty new version of a good hearty standby. The "taste secret" is the extra-rich cheese flavor of Kraft American Slices (the best-tasting pasteurized process cheese you can buy) melting over juicy tender meat loaf. Combine 1½ lbs. ground beef, 1 cup milk, ½ cup each chopped onion, sliced celery and dry bread crumbs, 1 egg, 1 tbsp. Kraft Prepared Horseradish, 1 tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper; mix lightly. Spoon half of mixture into 8-inch skillet. Cover with 5 Kraft American Slices and remaining meat mixture. Bake at 350°, 40 min. Top with additional cheese, cut in triangles; return to oven 5 min.

Reach for Kraft
it's worth it!

when you make it with KRAFT

A hearty, well-balanced meal that helps you balance your budget

Spaghetti Milanese. This appetizing supper dish has true Italian flavor and gusto. It's ideal for hurry-up meals because you get a head start from a package. Prepare 1 pkg. Kraft Tangy Italian Style Spaghetti as directed. Cook ½ cup each diced onion and chopped green pepper in 2 tablespoons Parkay Margarine until tender; add hot sauce. Toss spaghetti with Grated Parmesan Cheese; top with sauce. Be sure you use *Kraft* Tangy Italian Style Spaghetti Dinner—it gives you a generous packet of herbs and spices for more sauce than others give you (just add your own tomato paste). And real aged Parmesan Cheese, too.

Reach for Kraft
it's worth it!

Mallow Frosted Gelatin. Everyone will rave over your delectable dessert! It's so elegant-looking, so delicious and so gelatin-easy to make. The magic ingredient is Kraft Miniature Marshmallows—the good kind to keep handy because they're jet-puffed to stay soft and blend smoothly into any recipe. Simply dissolve 1 3-oz. package lime-flavored gelatin in 1 cup boiling water; add 8 to 10 ice cubes. Stir until slightly thickened; remove unmelted ice. Fold in 1 cup Kraft Miniature Marshmallows and 1 cup diced apple; fill 4 dessert dishes. Chill until firm. Light, luscious—a refreshing ending to a hearty meal.

Reach for Kraft
it's worth it!

Night People like Parliaments and playing darts for high stakes:
the winner gets to sleep late and the loser has to fix breakfast for the kids.

Night People

They smoke Parliament. They like the style of this cigarette.

Parliament is made a different way
with a firm tip, and the filter
that's recessed inside a mouthpiece.
That's what makes it taste good.
Try Parliament. Tonight!

noon *Times Herald* hit the streets. One of the clerks at the Texas School Book Depository bought a copy and ran inside, waving the newspaper map of the motorcade route. The President's car was going to pass beneath their windows, cruising slowly toward the triple underpass.

AIRCRAFT 26000 departed Andrews at 11:05 EST. Col. Jim Swindal was a rakish Alabamian with a Terry-and-the-Pirates profile, and he had a dream plane to fly—a hundred tons of gleaming machinery, exquisite appointments and air-conditioned, soundproof cabins.

That morning, the President unbuckled his worn black-alligator briefcase and spread the contents on the stateroom desk. He was studying diplomatic cables marked "EYES ONLY, PRESIDENT." Across the aisle, his wife and Pam Turnure were working on a speech. It was to be the only one she would deliver in Texas, and would be quite brief. Since she was going to appear before the LULAC's—the League of United Latin American Citizens—she had decided to speak in Spanish. In the stillness of the stateroom, her soft Castilian could be heard clearly.

In the staff area, forward, Ralph Yarborough was embattled. In the last few days, he had learned the details of the trap Governor Connally had laid for him. The more he thought about it, the more wrathful he became. Connally and Johnson —for he held the Vice-President guilty as a co-conspirator—were, in his opinion, as black as a Republican heart.

Jim Matthias, a pool reporter, asked about the Austin reception. Yarborough snapped, "Well, I'm not surprised. Governor Connally is so terribly uneducated governmentally, how could you expect anything else?" Now the vendetta was on the record. Once 26000 landed, the quote would be relayed to the press plane. . . .

CHAPTER THREE

THE CITY AHEAD shimmered brightly, a skyline on a plain. There had been no reprieve for McHugh: San Antonio was going to be hot. Below, at San Antonio International Airport, Lyndon Johnson had just emerged from the terminal barbershop and was lining up greeters. Usually, Lady Bird was at his elbow on such occasions, but she had glimpsed her college roommate in the crowd, and the two women were embracing enthusiastically, leaving him to cope. There was a lot to cope with. Lyndon was at his best in such situations. He soothed everyone and placed them just as the press and backup planes from Washington were parking. The reception committee was ready.

"There it is!" shouted a man, and there it was—Air Force One, with the Stars and Stripes on its tail, taxiing gracefully across a distant airstrip. "Jackie!" cried a woman, and the crowd took it up: "Jackieee! Jackieee!" A ramp was wheeled up, the rear door opened, and the First Lady emerged first, smiling her shy, hesitant smile. The mob roared. Then the lithe, familiar figure appeared in the doorway, fingering a button of his jacket. Another roar. Ralph Yarborough should have been third, but Ralph, aware that Henry Gonzalez was the city's favorite Texan, gently shoved Henry ahead of him. Everyone was baying now, and even the jaded officials burst into applause when the President wrung the mayor's hand, cut to one side and, with Jacqueline, waded into the Congressman's huge family.

Meanwhile, the motorcade was forming. Among the staff, O'Donnell's word was law. He had personally approved each appointment, including Colonel Swindal's, and he could transfer anyone who grew unruly. But he was powerless in Congress, as Ralph Yarborough was about to demonstrate. The Senator was stalking toward the north side of the terminal when a flock of local liberals surged up and told him they had heard about the Austin plot. They suggested he leave the party in Dallas. He nodded vigorously. "And don't get in the same car with Johnson," said their leader, Maury Maverick, Jr. "Every liberal here and in Houston knows what Connally and Johnson are trying to do to you, and they're waiting to see if you'll knuckle under to it."

The motorcade was about to depart, yet Yarborough still didn't know where he was supposed to sit. Larry O'Brien had informed him that in each city, he would share a car with the most popular local figure—usually the mayor. At no point, however, had the Vice-President's convertible been mentioned.

"They're fixing to put you there," Maverick insisted, and he was right. Agent Rufus Youngblood, a slender, balding, aggressive Georgian, approached Yarborough. "Senator, you're scheduled to ride in the Vice-President's car here," Youngblood said. Yarborough looked right through him, spun on his heel, and walked up to Gonzalez. "Henry," he said, "can I hitch a ride with you?"

The Congressman was delighted. So was the White House press corps. All 40 correspondents had received Yarborough's Air Force One quote about Connally, and now, when they saw him avoiding the Vice-President, they drew the inevitable conclusion. They decided to call it a snub. Connally was to blame, but Connally was safe and snug in the big Lincoln; it was Johnson who was losing face.

The Kennedys' drawing power was not a myth. The turnout was fantastic. Over 125,000 people were jammed along the route, and they had transformed their city. On an ordinary day, San Antonio is a drab city. Today, all its ugliness was invisible to the distinguished visitors because it had been masked by a mantle of humanity. The curbs were dense with shining Latin faces. Thousands of individuals had given considerable thought to an original reception, and the President became as much spectator as spectacle. Flags and placards and messages were waved above the crowd. Lady Bird, who shrewdly discounted mass-produced placards, saw hand-lettered signs on every side: "Welcome, JFK," "*Bienvenido*, Mr. President," and, imaginatively, "Jackie, Come Water-ski in Texas!"

At Brooks Medical Center, the brisk wind had grown brisker. Over half the audience couldn't hear the President's speech, a ringing reaffirmation of the New Frontier. But at its end, they cheered as though they had heard every word.

Immediately after the departure of the Presidential party from San Antonio International Airport, Colonel Swindal had moved his three-plane fleet to nearby Kelly Air Force Base, and there, at 3:48 p.m., the Kennedys reboarded Aircraft 26000. They were drenched and limp. The attrition of vitality, the enervating toll of such a journey, had begun. The President and Mrs. Kennedy retired to their bedroom. Their life together now had nearly a full day to run. Yet this was to be their last hour of serenity. Indeed, the hop to Houston took only 45 minutes.

The President emerged in a fresh shirt and summoned Rep. Albert Thomas. San Antonio had impressed Thomas. He wanted his district to put on as big a show, and he promised the President that it would. "My people have been busy as a cranberry merchant," he said. "They'll deliver."

"We'll see," said the President.

They saw a repetition of San Antonio's airport welcome. There was Lyndon, waiting at the foot of the ramp like Grover Whalen; there was the mayor, all effusion; there were three dozen yellow roses for the First Lady, and 8,000 Texans packed around the cargo entrance, sweating in the ferocious afternoon heat and yelling hoarsely for Jackieee. Thomas waved at his applauding constituents and bowed to the President. "Well?" he asked proudly. "OK," Kennedy laughed. At the gate fence, both Kennedys gave themselves to the mob. This kind of campaigning was unfamiliar to Jackie, but she had taken the bit, and her husband was appreciative; from time to time, he glanced back at her, smiling encouragement. . . .

HERE, THE PRESIDENT would ride in a smaller white convertible. Otherwise, the caravan was the same, and Ralph Yarborough remained its most prickly figure. Agent Youngblood approached him again. "You were supposed to be with the Vice-President in San Antonio, Senator," he said reproachfully, "and you're supposed to be with him here too." "I'm riding with my wife in Congressman Thomas's car, if that's all right with you," Yarborough said. The Agent reported back to Johnson. Lyndon nodded stonily.

When the column of celebrities drew up outside the Rice Hotel 40 minutes later, a reporter scurried up and down curbs, asking people why they had come. "To see the President and Jackie," they said or, often, just "For Jackie." Kennedy asked Dave Powers to estimate the crowd. "For you? About as many as turned out

continued

the last time you were here," said Dave, "but a hundred thousand more have come to look at Jackie." Max Peck, who ran the Rice, was a man of the world. Yet swinging open the First Lady's door with a flourish, he babbled idiotically, "Good evening, Mrs. President."

Max had had the $150-a-day International Suite on the fifth floor redecorated with "Mrs. President" in mind. The walls were blue, blue-green and cream; the carpeting was an arabesque of blue flowers. It was exquisite. There was a duplicate of the oval office rocking chair, a basket of fruit in the living room and Dom Pérignon, *pâté de foie gras* and fine caviar. Aren't they nice in Texas? the First Lady thought, and aloud she said, "It's grand." "You're the first to occupy it," Max told her, retreating.

The President removed his coat and soggy shirt and sat in the rocker, leafing through a pile of newspapers. Jackie dozed in her room while the President, stripping to his shorts, reworked the night's speech. Awake, Mrs. Kennedy put on a black cut-velvet suit, a double strand of pearls and diamond earrings. Then the President dressed, and they dined alone. They had to eat before any public banquet; once they arrived at the head table, there would be too many distractions.

Directly overhead, the Vice-President was finishing dinner in his sixth-floor Gold Suite ($100 a day) with Lady Bird. The President sent for him. The substance of their final conference is unclear. According to Johnson's recollection 19 months later: "There definitely was not a disagreement. . . . There was an active discussion" in which the two "were in substantial disagreement." He did not define the nature of the discussion. Precisely what was said is unknown. Mrs. Kennedy had withdrawn into the next room. Although aware of raised voices in the background, she was concentrating on her Spanish speech. Caterers and hotel servants, who were in and out, heard Yarborough's name mentioned several times. Johnson controlled his celebrated temper in his chief's presence, but in the words of one man on duty outside, "He left that suite like a pistol." Max Peck, watching him shoot into the corridor, long legs pumping, thought he looked furious.

"What was that all about?" Jacqueline Kennedy asked, coming in after the Vice-President had left. "He sounded mad." The President looked amused. "That's just Lyndon . . . ," he said. "But he's in trouble."

On a sudden impulse, she blurted out that she disliked Governor Connally.

He asked, "Why do you say that?"

"I can't stand him all day. He's just one of those men—oh, I don't know. I just can't bear his sitting there saying all these great things about himself. And he seems to be needling *you* all day."

"You mustn't say you dislike him, Jackie. You'll begin thinking it, and it will prejudice how you act toward him. He's been cozying up to a lot of these Texas businessmen who weren't for him before. What he was really saying in the car was that he's going to run ahead of me in Texas. Well, that's all right. Let him. But for heaven's sake, don't get a thing on him, because that's what I came down here to heal. I'm trying to start by getting two people in the same car. If they start hating, nobody will ride with anybody."

So she shook it off. It was nearly time for her appearance before the LULAC's.

In the ballroom, after his Vice-President had spoken, Kennedy talked briefly about the *Alianza*. "In order that my words will be even clearer to you," he concluded, "I am going to ask my wife to say a few words to you also." She suppressed her stage fright, and her classical accent fell quaintly on ears accustomed to Mexican diction.

"Olé!" they roared at the end of her brief speech. It really hadn't been that great. He had told them more. But she had given it to them in their own tongue. Leaving the ballroom, Dave Powers noted, the Kennedys "exchanged eyes." Lady Bird thought the First Lady's husband "looked beguiled."

The motorcade in the dark was their fourth of the day, and there were to be two more before they could sleep. At the Coliseum, Jack Valenti, a Houston public-relations man who was handling local arrangements, was having trouble with the Secret Service men. They demanded to see his White House pass. He didn't have one, had never even seen one. If two Houston patrolmen hadn't stepped forward to identify Valenti, he would have been escorted out, protesting. Once inside, however, he was entirely at home in the labyrinth of concrete passages. Indeed, he contrived to be the only outsider in the backstage lounge that had been set aside for the President and the Vice-President—a trick both Yarborough and Connally would have given a lot to know. He lurked there while the Kennedys and Johnsons waited for the paying customers to finish their Chicken Virginia; and when they took their seats at the head table, he crept along in their wake. There was no seat there for him, so he crouched beneath the President's legs like a Metropolitan Opera prompter.

One by one, eminent speakers rose, cleared their throats, spoke, were applauded and sat down. The President himself didn't contribute much eloquence. Most of his address was statistical. To his audiences, his easy air seemed unstudied. Very few knew how hard he had studied at Boston's Staley School of Oratory to achieve it. On a rostrum, the illusion of spontaneity was almost perfect; only his hands would have betrayed him, and he was careful to keep them out of sight. They weren't out of Valenti's sight, though. They were just above him, vibrating so violently at times that they seemed palsied. Now and then, the right hand would shoot up and out, the index finger stabbing the limelighted air to make a point. The moment it dropped, the trembling would begin again. . . .

It was after 9:30 when the travelers left the head table, and they couldn't rest until they had reached another hotel in another city, Fort Worth.

The marquee outside the Hotel Texas read "Welcome, Mr. President." The lobby was solid with jostling, hooting men in cream-colored five-gallon hats. The quarters set aside for the President were smaller and cheaper than the Vice-President's. "The hotel arrangements," as Ken O'Donnell said later, "were all screwed up." There was even something wrong with the air conditioner in the President's three-room suite on the eighth floor. Mrs. Kennedy had been given a drab green room above a neoned parking lot bordered by two loan companies, two bus stations, a garage, a theater. On a table was a pile of messages. Beside the table was her luggage. Where was her private secretary, Mary Gallagher? Dead tired, the First Lady crouched over her bags and started pulling out clothes. Before retiring, she joined the President.

"You were great today," he said.

"How do you feel?"

"Oh, gosh, I'm exhausted."

His vitality was illusory, like his debonair manner. Half asleep, he was planning ahead. "Don't get up with me," he said. "I've got to speak before breakfast, but you stay in bed. Just be at the breakfast at nine-fifteen." She said good-night.

Before turning her own light off, she carefully laid out tomorrow's navy-blue blouse, navy handbag, low-heeled shoes, pink suit and a pink pillbox hat: the outfit the President had chosen for Dallas.

CHAPTER FOUR

WHILE JOHN and Jacqueline Kennedy slept in Suite 850, most of those in their entourage were still up. Five floors above them, in the more spacious Will Rogers Suite, Lyndon Johnson jovially entertained members of his tong. Off the lobby, Connally held court hour after hour in the hotel's coffee shop. Reporter Bob Baskin told him of Yarborough's snappishness, and Connally issued a ringing call for harmony.

Duty kept some of the Secret Service men awake. The 12 to 8 shift mounted guard outside 850. Others were already asleep. But nine agents of the White House detail, unknown to Roy Kellerman, their chief for this trip, were out on the town. They started with beer and mixed drinks at the Fort Worth Press Club with Assistant Press Secretary Kilduff. Then seven of them continued at a colorful establishment called "The Cellar," ordering "Salty Dicks," a nonalcoholic specialty of the house. One stayed until five a.m. Fellow drinkers during those early morning hours included four agents who were to ride on the President's follow-up car in Dallas and whose alertness was vital to his safety. At various times, they were joined by three agents of the 12 to 8 shift—who were officially on duty, assigned to guard the President's bedroom door, and who chose to break the boredom of sentry duty in this fashion.

AMONG THE THOUSANDS of motorists who had crossed the President's motorcade route that Thursday evening in Fort Worth was a heavily jowled practical nurse named Marguerite Claverie Oswald. She had just finished a 3 to 11 p.m. shift at the Hargrove Convalescent Center and had been en route to her two-room frame duplex in the 2200 block of Thomas Place.

Marguerite Oswald was a woman of many resentments. Aged 56, she had a reedy, scolding voice, and in conversation, she was highly vocal on status and money, each of which she coveted and lacked. Although she had been married three times, she had nothing to show for it. One man had died, and the other two had left her. Now, she lived on her $9-a-day income as a shifter of bodies and bedpans, husbanding an $80 bank account and hoping her car and her elderly female patient would survive for another year or two. She was proud of her talent for frugality and had passed that pride along to her youngest son, who had just turned 24 in Dallas. Marguerite and Lee Harvey Oswald were alike in other ways. Of herself and Lee, she would later say, "I've been persecuted, and he's been persecuted."

Lee's father was the husband who had died two months before the boy's birth. Under the circumstances, mother and son might have formed a tender bond. They didn't. Lee slept with her until he was nearly 11 years old, but propinquity is not affection. Neither is refusal to discipline a child; when little Lee tangled with adults, Marguerite insisted the others were at fault. She was away during the day, and because she disapproved of playmates, he spent a remarkable amount of time alone. He became a flagrant truant.

To his probation officer, Lee said, "Well, I've got to live with her. I guess I love her." It is quite possible that he had no real concept of love. Already he had become truculent with men and inadequate with women—and quick to rage at both.

Although his I.Q. was high (118), his report cards didn't show it. After completing the ninth grade, he dropped out of school and, a year later, enlisted in the Marine Corps. Fellow enlisted men scorned him as "Ozzie Rabbit." The Corps' courses in marksmanship are the best in the world, and Private Oswald qualified as a sharpshooter with the M-1 rifle on the San Diego range. It was his first skill, and his last.

After three years in the Marine Corps, he sailed to Russia in 1959 to escape his disappointment in his own country. Thwarted in the U.S.S.R., he returned to the United States in 1962 and then passed through one cycle of frustration after another. He tried to run to Havana, but in Mexico City, the Cubans wouldn't even grant him a visa. The sickening truth was emerging: No one wanted him, no one had ever wanted him. Lee Harvey Oswald had become the most rejected man of his time.

He was the diametric opposite of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, and he was aware of this. Significantly, he attributed the President's success to family wealth: Kennedy had had all the breaks. Like many delusions, this one had a kernel of truth. One man had almost everything, and the other, almost nothing. Kennedy was spectacularly handsome. Oswald's voice hadn't yet lost its adolescent tone, he was balding, and he had the physique of a ferret. The President had been a brave officer during the war. Oswald had been court-martialed during his peacetime service. As Chief Executive and Commander in Chief, Kennedy was all-powerful. Oswald was impotent. Kennedy was cheered; Oswald, ignored. Kennedy was beloved; Oswald, despised. Kennedy was a hero. Oswald was a victim.

Since childhood, Oswald had been threatened by a specific mental disease, paranoia. In the end, the paranoiac is overpowered by a monstrous feeling of personal resentment and a blind craving for revenge. No one can predict what will trigger the catastrophe in any given case. But we now know that the fire storm in Lee Oswald's head ignited on the evening of Thursday, November 21, 1963.

At 4:40 p.m. that Thursday, while the Kennedys were deplaning in Houston, Oswald had ended his day's work in Dallas and begged a lift to suburban Irving in the battered Chevrolet of Wesley Frazier, a fellow employee at the Texas School Book Depository. To the best of Frazier's recollection, Oswald had approached him a few minutes after both had learned, from the map on the front page of the afternoon *Times Herald,* that the Presidential parade in Dallas would pass the warehouse. Usually, Oswald had gone to see his wife on Fridays for the weekend. "Why are you going home today?" Frazier asked.

"To get some curtain rods," Oswald explained. "You know—to put in an apartment."

Sometime, probably during the afternoon, Oswald had slipped into the Book Depository's shipping department and fashioned a brown-paper bag to conceal a bolt-action, clip-fed 6.5-mm. Mannlicher-Carcano rifle. The previous winter, he had sent a coupon from the *American Rifleman* magazine and a money order for $21.45 to Klein's Sporting Goods, Inc., in Chicago, using the assumed name of "A. Hidell." In return, a rifle bearing serial number C2766 and a four-power telescopic sight had been shipped to Dallas Post Office Box 2915 on March 20, 1963. Using the same alias, Oswald had ordered a .38 Smith & Wesson revolver. The revolver was in his furnished room in Dallas. The rifle was hidden in a brown-and-green blanket that, together with several seabags containing his personal belongings, was stored in the cluttered garage of Ruth Paine at 2515 West Fifth Street in Irving, a few steps from Frazier's home.

Oswald was going home to get the rifle now. His conversation with Frazier immediately after the news that the President would be within easy range of the warehouse Friday at noon leaves very little doubt that the two events were connected. Yet there is every reason to believe that his decision at this point was tentative. He had not quite reached the point of no return, and his behavior after he reached Irving suggests that it would have taken very little to dissuade him.

Despite Oswald's envy of the President, John Kennedy was not the central figure in his life. That person was Marina Oswald. Like his rifle, his wife was at 2515 West Fifth Street in Irving, and he went to her first.

MICHAEL PAINE, the head of the household, was not in residence. In September of 1962, just before their fifth wedding anniversary, the Paines had separated. Michael moved into an apartment. Ruth remained in the house with their two children. She was the stronger parent. The daughter of a physician and an ordained female Unitarian minister, she was a graduate of Antioch College and a Quaker convert. Her appearance was striking: In the autumn of 1963, she was a slender, dark-eyed brunette of 31, with a soft, musical, contralto voice and handsome, if slightly equine, features. She impressed everyone as a pious, highly intelligent young matron.

There were almost no lengths to which Ruth Paine would not go as a Samaritan, and when she encountered a fair-haired, 21-year-old Slavic girl badly in need of comfort, the consequences were predictable. They met at a party on February 22, 1963. She sought the girl's address and wrote to her. Her new acquaintance had something to offer in return for friendship. Ruth's work in the East-West Contacts Committee had stimulated her interest in the Russian language. As a native of the Soviet Union, her protégé could teach her Russian.

Henceforth, the lives of Ruth, Lee and Marina Oswald were to be bound together. The husband and the older woman became rivals for the friendship of the blonde wife, while she apparently toyed with first one and then the other. She aroused protective instincts and invited rescue. Her husband had spirited her away from the U.S.S.R., and now Ruth, more persuasive than Lee, was about to spirit her away from him.

Even before Ruth's appearance, the Oswalds' marriage had become a disappointment. In Minsk, Lee had thought he had found a beautiful, dedicated Communist, who would forever be his submissive darling. He had expected her to scorn the world that scorned him and reject the materialism of a capitalist society. Instead, she hounded him for new gadgets and movie money, jeered at him because he was such a poor competitor in the capitalistic wage market and ridiculed him because he failed to gratify her sexual appetite—because, as she told him in front of others, he was "not a man" in bed.

There were many fights, and Marina, a quick girl with a knee, was the better fighter. It was Lee who was shut in the bathroom as punishment after one quarrel, Lee who sank to his knees in the dark and wept bitterly as the greater darkness of his private nightmare enveloped him.

Once Ruth and the Oswalds had become well acquainted, Marina behaved like a minx with Lee. Openly flattering Ruth in front of him, she would undercut him, telling him that Ruth's Russian had become better than his. This showed the sureness of her feline instinct. She was playing Ruth off against him. Ruth knew it. Her Rus-

continued

sian wasn't as proficient as Lee's. Lee's attainments were limited enough as it was. His marksmanship might convince his wife of his masculinity, but when he tried to impress Marina by shooting at Maj. Gen. Edwin Walker, the General moved, and the shot missed. Lee was not caught, and two weeks later, he left Texas for New Orleans, and Marina moved in with Ruth. This first such arrangement was brief. The Oswalds were reunited, and Ruth drove Marina and the baby to Louisiana.

Correspondence between Ruth and Marina, which was published in the Warren Commission documents, suggests that Marina was simultaneously playing the ill-used wife and separated friend. On May 25, Marina sent Ruth a strange letter: "I'm ashamed to confess that I am a person of moods. And my mood currently is such that I don't feel much like anything! As soon as you left, all 'love' stopped, and I am very hurt that Lee's attitude toward me is such that I feel each minute that I bind him," she wrote. Her husband wanted her to leave America, "which I don't want to do at all." Lee had told her "that he doesn't love me, so you see we came to mistaken conclusions. It is hard for you and me to live without a return of our love—interesting, how will it all end?" In any event, she wanted Ruth to know that "My feelings toward you are sincere and I like you. . . ." And "I kiss and hug you and the children." On July 11, Ruth made a suggestion: "If Lee doesn't wish to live with you any more, and prefers that you go to the Soviet Union, think about the possibility of living with me. . . . I would be happy to be as an aunt to you." The following day, in a letter written at 2 a.m., she declared: "I love you, Marina, and want to live with you. I hope that you and Lee will agree." The answer was effusive. "Dear, dear Ruth!" Marina responded. ". . . Sweet Ruth, I am so grateful for your good and sympathetic heart."

Late in September, Ruth drove down to bring Marina, Marina's young daughter June, and a carload of miscellaneous Oswald belongings back to Texas. Lee Oswald's last real home had been broken up. He had never had much; now, he was left with nothing. His attempted flight to Cuba followed two days later. When that failed, he rejoined the two women in Texas on October 4. But neither of them wanted him.

Ruth had a comfortable house, complete with shiny appliances, a deep freeze, a sunny yard, a sandbox and swings. To Marina, she was a source of practical advice about matters that perplexed Lee. As a veteran deadbeat, he should have known where to get free medical advice for his wife, but it was Ruth who had sent her to Parkland Hospital's free clinics. She was even helpful with the vexing problem of sexual frustration. After Marina had complained that Lee was inadequate, Ruth proposed that they should go to a Planned Parenthood clinic for "consultation on this matter of satisfaction."

But the greatest rewards were not in the conferring of blessings by Ruth, a have, upon Marina, a have-not. They lay in the normal friendship of two women who were genuinely fond of their offspring and of one another. After the birth of Marina's second daughter, in mid-October, 1963, their household was one in which two adults and four children had made a sensible adjustment to a new way of life. The thing worked. It worked, that is, for those who were included. Lee Oswald had been pointedly excluded. Ruth finally made it clear that she didn't want him in her house, and Marina didn't either. He would be allowed to see his children occasionally, but he must learn to accept the fact that his wife had made a new home with Ruth now. And outwardly, at least, he did accept it. His appearances on Fifth Street were rare. His real home became his furnished room on North Beckley Avenue.

To Ruth, Marina was a bit of an enigma. She was conscious of what she called "a wall" in her companion. "You go so far with her, and then she draws a shade," Ruth said. Yet she had no inkling of the horror behind that shade. Seemingly, the girl had told her everything about Lee. Since her confidences had included the most delicate secrets of the marriage bed, it was reasonable to assume that she had omitted nothing of consequence. In fact, she had left out a good deal. Marina knew about her husband's aliases. He had told her about his shot in the dark at Walker; and using a box camera, she had photographed him holding the 6.5 Mannlicher-Carcano carbine and the .38 Smith & Wesson revolver. At the very moment that she was leaving him for Ruth, during that long drive back to Texas, she knew that he was trying to get to Havana. Marina even knew that the rifle was concealed in the garage. But she had divulged none of this to her new companion—a devout Quaker.

(Later, at the express wish of Chief Justice Earl Warren, who found her appealing, the President's Commission treated Marina with exceptional consideration. In retrospect, her own lack of consideration for the woman who had become her benefactor appears inexcusable.)

AT 5:25 P.M. on November 21, over six hours before the Presidential party reached the Hotel Texas in Fort Worth, Wesley Frazier had dropped Lee off. Marina was alone with the children. She was first startled to see her husband, and then she was indignant. Before coming out, he was supposed to telephone and ask Ruth's permission. He apologized and told her of his loneliness, of how much he missed the children. Marina refused to listen to him. But, as she testified later, "He tried very hard to please me." He put away diapers for her and lavished attention on Junie and the infant. Again and again, he repeated that her preference for Ruth was unbearable for him. He didn't want Marina "to remain with Ruth any longer." He wanted her and the children with him, and if she would only nod her head, he would "rent an apartment in Dallas tomorrow." At this point, Ruth arrived. She was also surprised to find him there, but didn't reproach him. Marina drew Ruth aside and apologized for Lee's unexpected presence. Ruth murmured that she understood, and together, the two mothers prepared supper.

At 6:30, Lee joined them at the table. He said little during the meal. He could scarcely woo Marina in Ruth's presence. When the dishes had been done, he renewed his entreaties. Finally, Marina made what seemed to be an encouraging response. Lee's niggardliness had always annoyed Marina. Now, she asked him to buy her a washing machine. Crawling, he capitulated. He wanted her back on any terms and promised her the machine. Then, she told him to go and spend the money on himself. She didn't need his largess. She had found an asylum here with Ruth. She could manage without him.

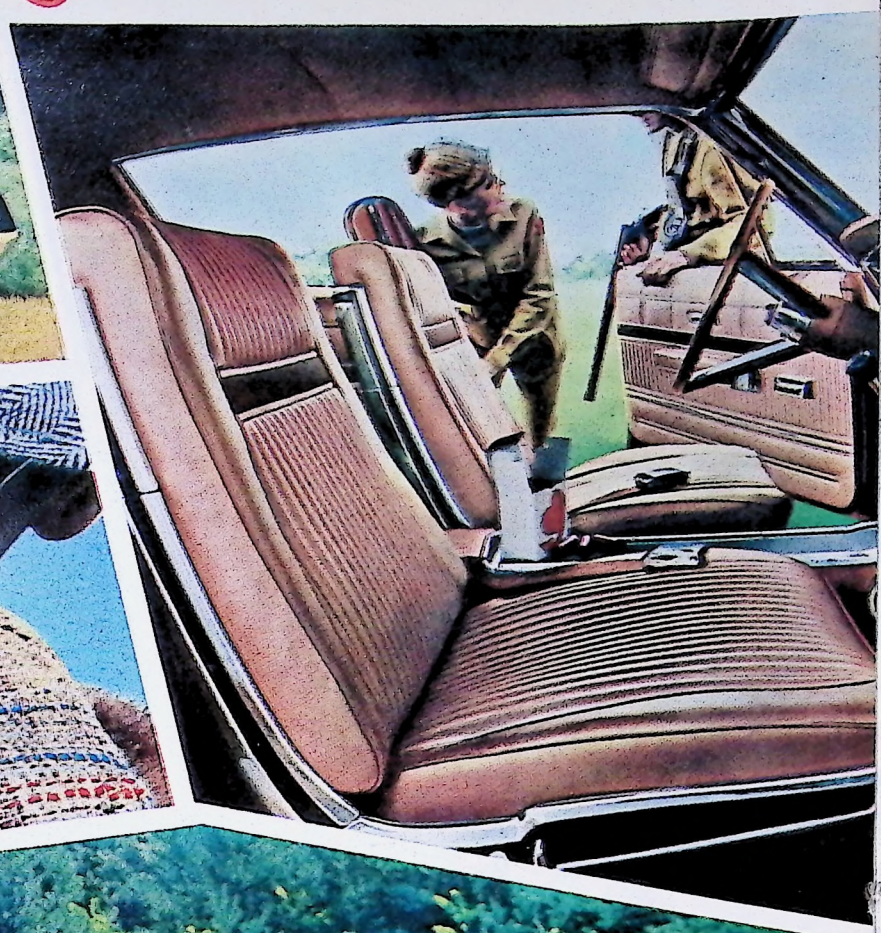
That was the breaking point. He had nothing left, not even pride. In Marina's later testimony, "He stopped talking and sat down and watched television." She glanced in once and saw him staring at an old film of a World War II battle. Apparently, he was intent upon the flickering screen. In fact, he was going mad. Madness does not strike all at once. Lee Oswald's disease had been in process all his life. Unquestionably, his mother's influence had contributed to his weakness. Nevertheless, the impact of his confrontation with his wife on November 21 appears to have been decisive, and it seems equally clear that the total eclipse of his reason occurred shortly before 9 p.m. that evening, a few minutes after Jacqueline Kennedy had finished her brief Spanish speech in Houston, and while she and the President were making their way out across the crowded lobby.

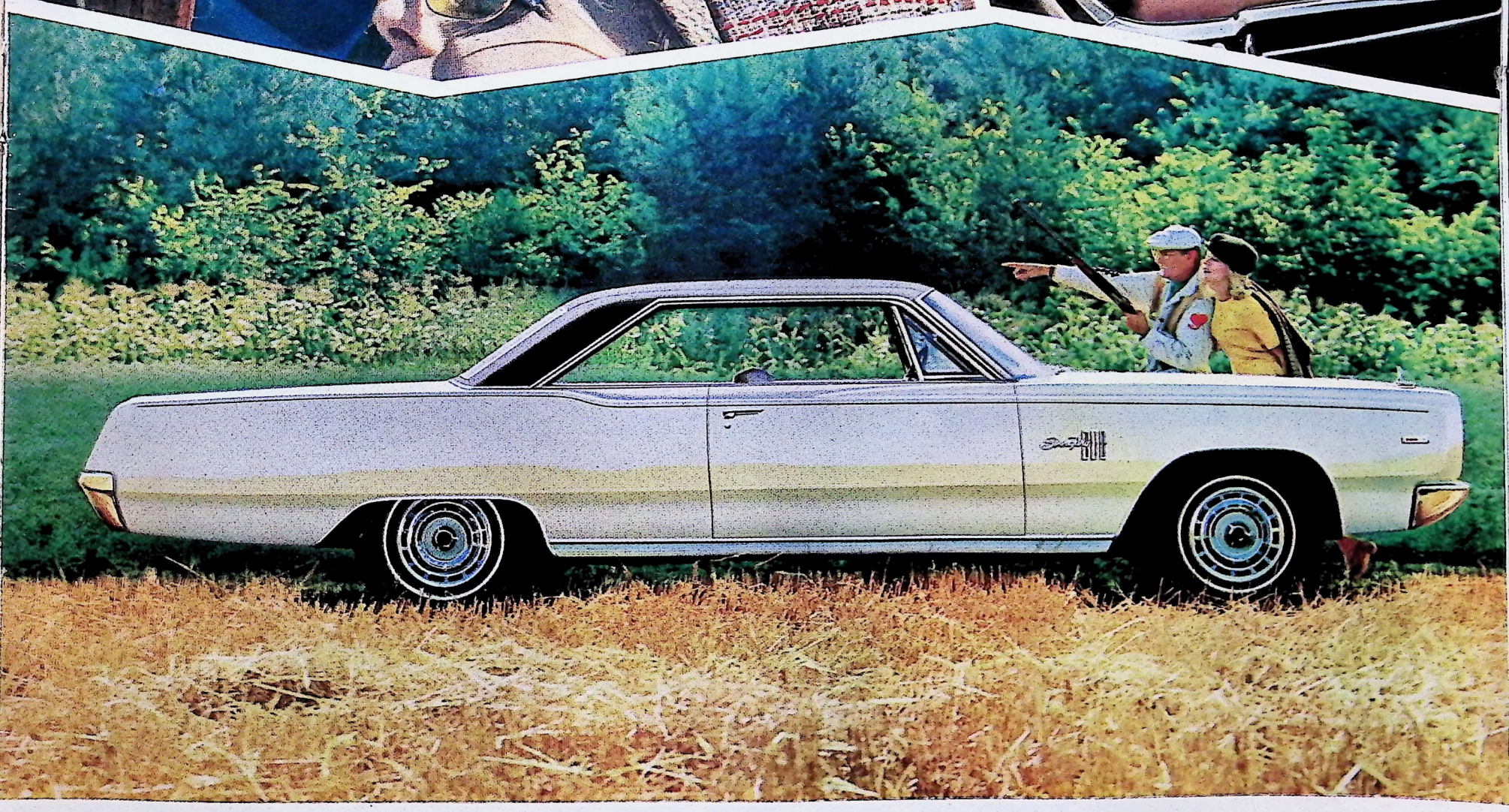
EDITOR'S NOTE: *After portions of the above article had been printed, Mrs. John F. Kennedy filed suit to prevent distribution of any material from* THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT. *In that suit, affidavits were filed by Mrs. Kennedy and Senator Robert Kennedy stating that neither of them had at any time approved the content of the* LOOK *articles.*

LOOK *wishes to make it clear that neither Mrs. Kennedy nor Senator Kennedy has in any way approved or endorsed the material appearing in the* LOOK *articles based upon* THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT. *The author, William Manchester, and the publishers of* LOOK *assume complete and sole responsibility.*

In the next issue of LOOK, for the first time, the minute-by-minute story of the assassination is retraced through the memories of those who were closest to Kennedy. Manchester also tells of the complete confusion at Parkland Hospital in Dallas on November 22 and reveals the beginning of the deep division between the Kennedy loyalists and the realists, who offered to help the new President.

Plymouth is out to win you over this year.





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MONGOLIA

Far-out trip to a far-out steppe

The young lady in the unearthly scene at the right is called Sam, and she is making history or, at least, turning it on its ear. Recently, Sam—Canadian fashion model Samantha Jones—was a member of the unlikeliest caravan to enter remote and storied Mongolia (now the Communist Mongolian Peoples' Republic) since the days of Marco Polo. Isolated though it is, both geographically and politically, modern Mongolia is trade-minded. One of its most lucrative exports is cashmere, for which Britain is the traditional customer. With the blessing of the British Cashmere Association and usually impenetrable Mongolian visa authorities, a kicky party, consisting of Sam, American photographer Fred J. Maroon and a lady fashion editor from London, was allowed to fly into the vast, thinly peopled central Asiatic land with a wardrobeful of high-style cashmere garments for a picture-taking fortnight. Such is the power, such are the uses of promotion in our changing world. (An ABC-television documentary crew that flew in with Sam's party was sent packing, pictureless, by the same Mongolian officials.) A lot of dust has blown over the Mongolian steppe since Genghis Khan's day. From the deserted walls of a sprawling Buddhist lamasery, Sam is contemplating a barren patch of ground that was once the center of a terrified world. Here had stood Karakorum, the mighty Khan's capital. In his astonishing reign (1206-1227), he conquered half of civilization, from the gates of Italy to the China Sea. Later, Karakorum was literally leveled by Chinese counter-conquerors. In the course of *her* invasion of Mongolia, according to the journal kept by a bemused Maroon, lightly clad Sam caught a bad cold, to say nothing of many a startled Mongolian stare.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRED J. MAROON

Cashmere: lush product from a harsh land

The soft pink gown that Samantha Jones wears here beside an ancient stupa at the Erdeni Dzuu lamasery dramatizes the assets of one of the world's most luxurious fabrics: cashmere, made of fleece from hardy goats raised on the Mongolian plains. The climate has grueling extremes . . . blistering in summer, subfreezing in winter. For insulation, the cashmere goat produces the silkiest, downiest undercoat of any domestically raised animal. By the time this dress reaches a girl like Sam, it has been combed from the goats in Mongolia, marketed in Russia, cleaned, spun into yarn, dyed and knitted by Ballantyne in Scotland, sold for $95 at New York's Abercrombie & Fitch, where all the cashmeres shown on these pages are available.

It echoes a lama-dominated past

Genghis Khan made Mongolia a holy terror. The lamas made it terribly holy. Under approving Chinese overlords, a Tibetan-style Buddhist theocracy kept the land placid, backward and feudal for centuries. It exacted heavy tribute from the nomadic serfs and depleted the country's manpower. By the 20th century, half the male population were at least theoretically celibate lamas. The "peoples' " revolution in the 1920's reduced the number to about 100—and the active lamaseries to one, now tolerated as a sort of temple-showcase in Ulan Bator. Photographer Maroon noted a brisk flow of visitors. On the whole, the lamas kept their cool upon Sam's dramatic arrival to pose, though she herself grew a trifle restive at one point. "For no apparent reason," Maroon, whose task was clearly no snap, confides in his journal, "Sam suddenly decided to lift her skirt and adjust her slip. This was just too much for the lamas to tolerate. Thus, this session was brought to an abrupt close."

In the only Buddhist temple in Mongolia still in use (opposite), Samantha poses as lamas chant in an incense-filled chapel. Her blue-cashmere stole ($35, Bernat Klein) is draped in imitation of the monks' robes. Among the stupas at Erdeni Dzuu (above), she wears a classic full coat of black cashmere ($350, Rodex) over a gold-silk sheath.

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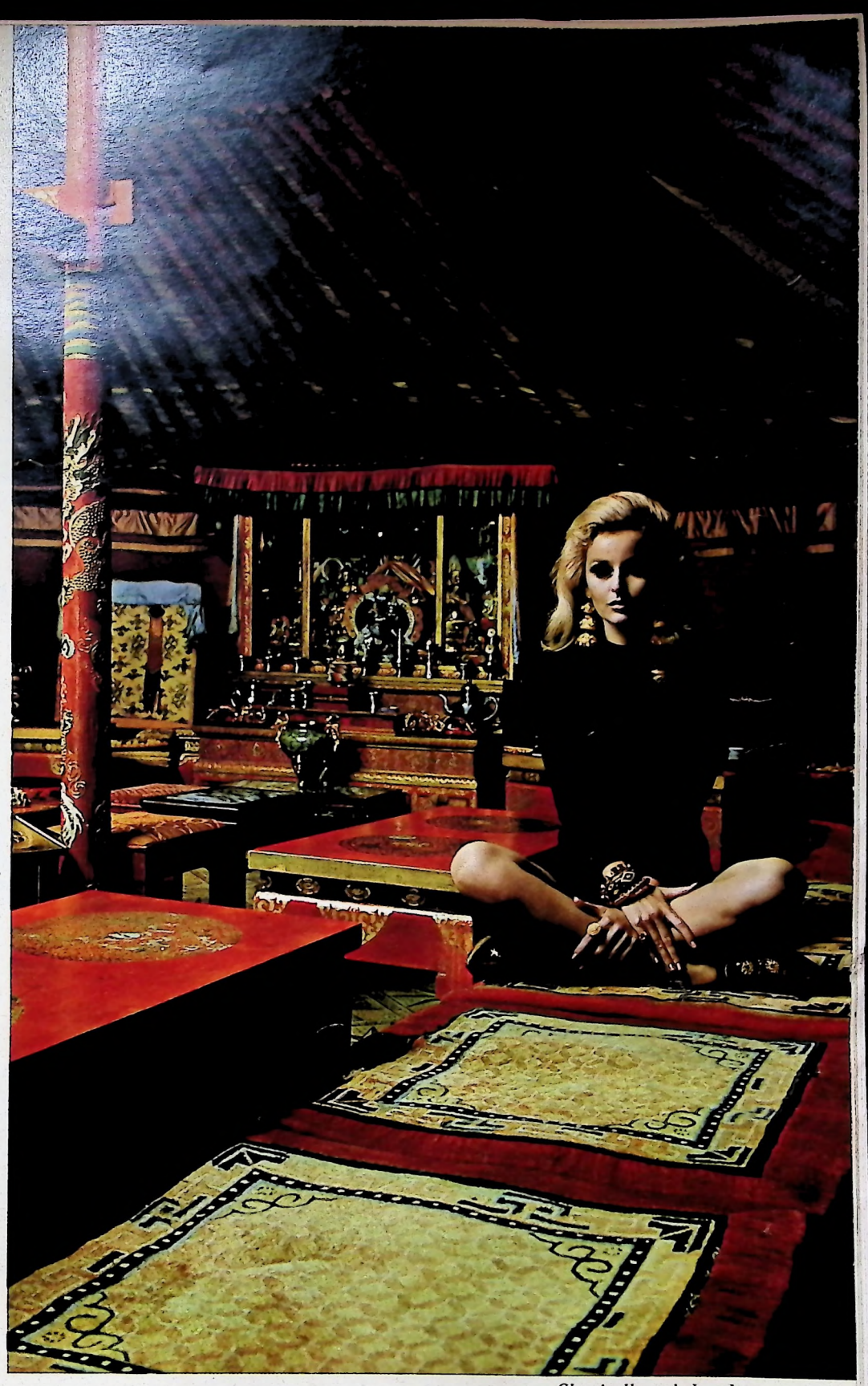

Classically styled cashmeres suit the timeless settings of the Mongols. For horsewoman Sam at Karakorum, Genghis Khan's seat of Empire: a black-cashmere sweater ($40), trews ($45, both Ballantyne), quilted rust-suede jacket ($135, Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills). Above, her cashmere sweater dress ($145, John Laing) is the first micro-skirt to hit Ulan Bator's Gandan Monastery.

Khan's domain and nomad's land

Brilliant horsemanship explained the sweeping Mongol conquest. Even today, the people are the world's most natural equestrians. Children six to nine years old are the jockeys at the popular horse races, run over 19-mile courses. The Mongolian pony is short, tough and—as Sam gamely learned—scary. Roaming the steppe one spectacular sundown, her party spied a nomadic goatherd and his flock, palavered Sam into the saddle for a memorable shot. Maroon's journal sentimentally captures the moment's mood: "Realizing she was on a very spirited animal, Sam insisted she wasn't afraid, but we knew her potential danger. We had but one model, and this assignment permitted absolutely no injuries."

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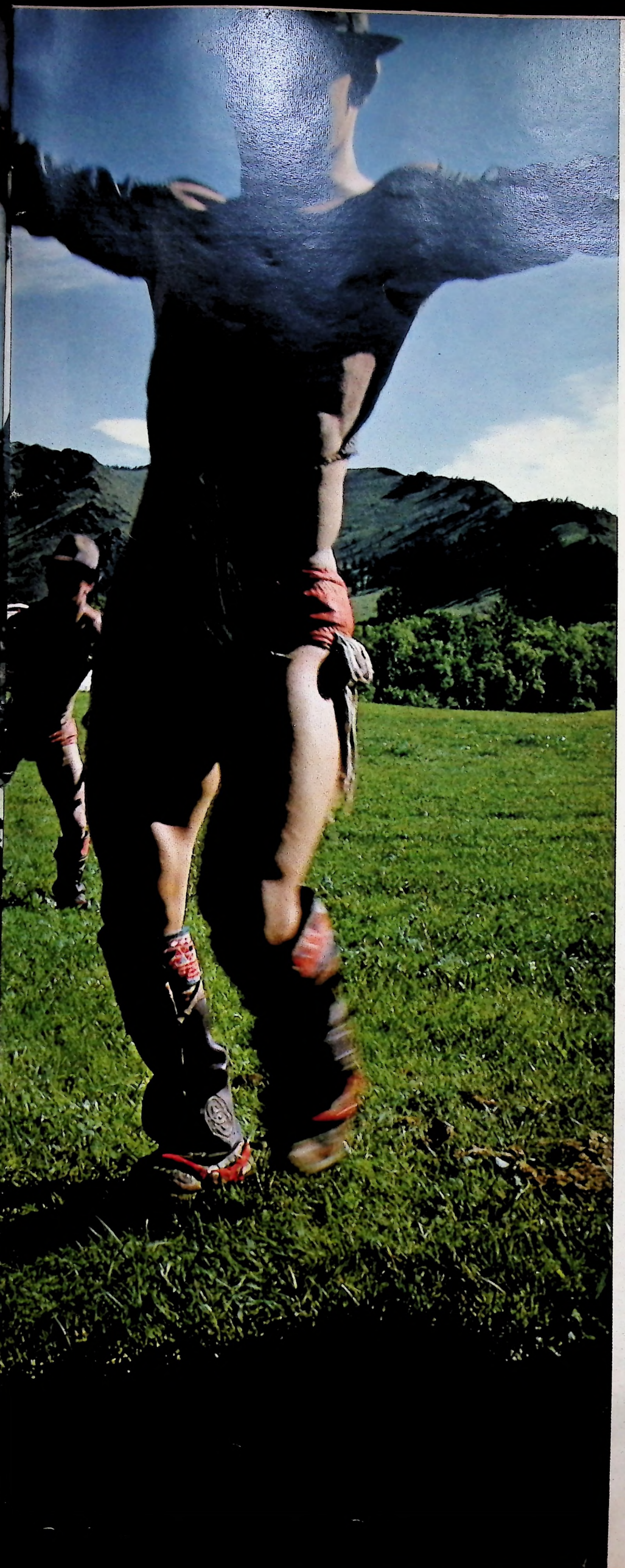

Roundup on the steppe. Cashmere-blend cloak with nutria-lined hood ($1,000, Rodex) tops Sam's cashmere sweater dress ($145, John Laing).

Where eagles wrestle

Wrestling is the national sport of Mongolia. Champs are acclaimed "eagles," after a bird abundant in the land. At a government rest camp in the highlands, the visitors came upon the country's top four grapplers, working out. They obliged (at left) with a ritual "eagle dance," after Sam went off to slip into something appropriate to a picture. One of the gentlemen displays a certain Mongolian impatience, having just undergone that universal male endurance test—waiting for the little lady to change. In the background is a cluster of yurts, the original mobile home—cozy, felt-lined nomads' tents.

TEXT BY J. M. FLAGLER AND JO AHERN ZILL

Handmade leather boots in brilliant colors and snap-brim hats, oddly fedoralike, contrast incongruously with rest of Mongolian wrestlers' costumes. Sam's outfit is a Western version of the local dress, little changed in 2,000 years. Instead of a camel- or yak-hair tunic, she wears a ribbed sweater ($40), trousers ($65, both cashmere, Munrospun); instead of a fur pelt, an embroidered sheepskin jacket; instead of leather boots, purple brocades.

continued

MONGOLIA

Odd prize in the Red tug-of-war? An informed view.

Dour Red Chinese officials are present in Ulan Bator . . .

. . . but Russians have edge. Here, a poster of Lenin and revolutionary hero, Sukhe Bator.

Caught in squeeze between its huge neighbors, Mongolia must side with the U.S.S.R.

Big problem is to modernize life of nomads, such as this lariat-bearing horseman.

BY CHARLES W. THAYER
AUTHOR, FORMER U.S. DIPLOMAT

THE MONGOLIANS CALL IT "The Land of the Blue Sky." Most American visitors compare it to Wyoming or Nevada or Montana. But to me, it is the marvelous empty land. Though the third largest Communist state in the world, almost as big as all Western Europe, it has hardly a million inhabitants, most of them roaming its plains with great herds of horses, sheep, cows, camels and yaks. Whether you go by animal-back, jeep or plane, you can travel hundreds of miles over the rolling green steppe without seeing anything but an occasional herd of shaggy two-humped camels, a flock of sheep or a lone horseman, loping across the landscape on his stocky pony. At times, a wolf may slink across the track that the Mongolians call a road, and in the sky, which really is blue 300 days of the year, eagles and black vultures, with wingspreads of more than ten feet, circle patiently.

Yet Mongolia finds itself today thrust into the vortex of what promises to become the greatest conflict since World War II—the Sino-Russian dispute. The ideological arguments between the two Red giants have developed increasingly nationalistic overtones. There have been territorial claims, border disputes, even armed clashes. When the Chinese tried to smuggle propaganda leaflets into the Soviet Union via the Trans-Mongolian Railroad, a minor battle flared between border guards and train guards. The Russians have even charged that the Chinese are massing troops along their frontier. Square in the middle of that 7,000-mile frontier lies Mongolia, the open land, so tempting to China's expansionists and so close to Russia's trans-Siberian lifeline to its Pacific provinces.

Eager to establish diplomatic contacts with the strategically placed Mongolians, the United States was constrained by the old bonds with Chiang Kai-shek, who, like Mao Tse-tung, claims that Mongolia is still part of China. The Mongolian Peoples' Republic, an American-approved member of the United Nations, resented our 1961 understanding with Chiang to postpone giving the M.P.R. formal diplomatic recognition, and the Mongolians have spurned both U.S. overtures to establish lesser, informal representation in Ulan Bator and recent offers of American aid, even though they have good use for it.

Mongolia lacks not only human tenants but also most of the appurtenances—material, political and cultural—that civilization has developed in the last three centuries. After the heyday of its most prominent citizen, Genghis Khan, the Chinese, who destroyed his empire in the 14th century, all but hermetically sealed off Mongolia from human progress. With the collapse of China's Manchu Empire in 1911, the Russian czars established a kind of protectorate over the country, and when they in turn fell, the Russian Communists helped native revolutionaries "liberate" Mongolia. But czarist and Communist Russians alike refrained from annexing it, obviously untempted by its vast emptiness. Like the Chinese, they were content to seal it off from the world and extract from it the few products of its meager resources—meats, hides, wool and, during World War II, its tough little horses for the Red Army.

During the 1930's, when I served in our mission in Moscow, the Russians jealously quarantined the "diplomats" of the Mongolian embassy there, then the country's only one. At diplomatic ceremonies, we were discouraged from any friendly approaches to the lonely representatives from the land beyond the Altai Mountains by the realization that even a nod of our heads might be enough to have them clapped into jail by Stalin's watchful secret police.

Only after his death and the loosening of the Soviet empire under Khrushchev did the Mon-

continued

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golians begin to acquire the attributes of a national state, including formal relations with other countries—chiefly Communist, but also Great Britain, France and India.

And as the Soviets relaxed their political hold, they replaced it by ties of aid and trade. A billion dollars' worth of equipment and technical services were poured into the country to start the nomadic land off on its long, long road to industrial civilization. To counterbalance the Russians, the Chinese Communists also sent whole factories and thousands of workers. Other countries followed suit—Britain with a modern textile plant, the Czechs with industrial equipment and even the furnishings of Mongolia's only up-to-date hotel.

Nor have the Mongolians themselves been idle. To provide a more settled life, they are beginning to cultivate arable portions of the steppe and have already produced an exportable surplus of grain. They have a mobile health service and a good start on universal education. But until the nomads, who still comprise three quarters of the population, can be trained to stop roaming, these programs can have only limited results.

Some already have settled down, and newly trained workers now operate an electric-power plant and a municipal hot-water system in Ulan Bator, besides the factories. Both, I discovered, when I was there on a writing mission not long ago, function at least part of the time. Then, there is the Trans-Mongolian Railroad, built by the Russians and Chinese, which connects Ulan Bator with the Trans-Siberian Railroad in the north and Peking in the east. Furthermore, Soviet- and Mongolian-operated plane service has reduced the journey from Moscow—once a major trek requiring weeks—to a tedious but comfortable 12 hours.

RECALLING THE BASE from which they started only a few years ago, educated Mongolians understandably think the people have accomplished miracles as they have moved from their felt tents on the plains around Ulan Bator into their new, but drearily plain, concrete apartment houses. But to the foreigner who visits Ulan Bator and travels about the country, the tasks ahead still appear to be stupendous. It will take many, many more train- and planeloads of experts and teachers, as well as machinery, to bring Mongolians abreast of the 20th century. And still more trains and planes will be needed to bring them to the West, so that they can at last rid themselves of their fear of the foreign devils who live beyond their frontiers.

Their government is still essentially a primitive police state. When I had the rare opportunity of visiting Ulan Bator with a special tour group three years ago, I was forbidden to stroll in the park in front of the hotel without an official guide. Fearful of their "image" abroad, authorities would not let me take "bad" pictures, such as shots of a nomad family picnicking on the sidewalk of the capital; a picturesque, toothless old man; and a sheep roasting on a spit in the desert. When I remonstrated, the director of the State Travel Agency retorted, with obvious sincerity: "But surely foreigners are not allowed to take bad pictures of New York City."

Clinging to their isolated past, the Mongolians maintain frontier controls for foreigners crossing their long-sealed borders that are as severe as any Stalin ever instituted at the height of his terror. When I left the country, customs officials confiscated a bottle of iodine, explaining that it was forbidden to export poisons. They also took away a pebble that I had collected as a souvenir from the Gobi "desert." It might contain precious metals, they said amiably. As they rifled my bags, emptied my toilet kit and squeezed out the contents of the tubes that it contained, they joked and chattered gaily with me, asking endless questions in atrocious Russian about each tube and article. (The Mongols have their own tongue, and few speak Russian, let alone English.) When I began to show impatience, they laughingly said:

"Don't worry, we do this to everyone," and added (not quite truthfully, as I later learned): "Even the Russians."

FOR ALL THEIR handicaps, the Mongolians as a people are extraordinarily hospitable, friendly but dignified. (When an irresponsible young American college student in our tour group stole one of their most precious museum pieces, a 90-million-year-old dinosaur's egg, the Mongolians, instead of tossing him into jail, as they had every reason to, simply asked him in a polite way to leave the country.) They are also hardworking, naturally talented, eager to learn and passionately anxious to modernize their land. Given a chance for another decade or two, there is no reason why they cannot succeed.

But will they be given that chance, in light of the Russo-Chinese tug-of-war? Obviously, Mongolia has had to choose sides, for neutrality could mean the annihilation by one or both of its neighbors. Though the Mongolians do not consider themselves Orientals, Chinese influence has always been strong. Repeated recent purges of Mongolian Communist party members indicate that many among them still believe the Chinese are right and the Russians wrong. The present police-state regime is clearly more akin to Mao's than to Brezhnev's. Yet ever since Mongolia freed itself from Chinese domination, it has sought and found support from the Russians, czarist and Communist alike. It is, therefore, not surprising that the government in Ulan Bator has sided with the Soviet Union through strengthened mutual-defense measures and a constant exchange of visits between government and party officials. Meantime, Mongolia's relations with Red China have steadily deteriorated. Some 20,000 skilled Chinese workers, engaged on power lines, railroad construction and housing projects in Ulan Bator, have reportedly been recalled or expelled. When floods devastated Ulan Bator in 1966, there were no condolences, no offers of help from China.

Perhaps for the time being, the Chinese have suspended their efforts to win back Mongolia. But the struggle that has been going on for centuries is hardly likely to be abandoned for good.

Separated by half the world, the United States and Mongolia have had few contacts, and even those have not always been happy ones. Mongolians still recall with bitterness the Roy Chapman Andrews' expeditions of the 1920's. As they see them, these explorations of the desertlike Gobi, the oldest continuously dry land known to science, resulted in the plunder of their national cultural treasures—the only known dinosaurs' eggs and the skeletons of the earliest mammals.

When, after Stalin's death, Mongolia sought entry into the United Nations, the United States was all for it. But Chiang Kai-shek vigorously objected, citing China's territorial claims on the land—a rare point of agreement between the leaders of the two Chinas. When Chiang threatened to veto Mongolia's admission, the State Department agreed not to recognize the country for the time being if Chiang let it into the UN.

Today, scientists are impatient to explore this huge, unique area, unsubmerged by floods or glaciers in more than 100 million years. Businessmen, too, are keen to import its wool and animal products in exchange for the machines the Mongolians hanker for. U.S. officials would like to establish an embassy in Ulan Bator, citing the advantage of having observers so close to Peking, but the Mongolians understandably resent having their country mistaken for a frontline dugout.

Protocol-conscious Mongolia also resents our past attempts to establish informal contacts that would circumvent our deal with Chiang. When, for example, we recently offered the Mongolians $25,000 for flood relief, they, not unpredictably, coldly rejected this attempt at backstairs diplomacy and took the opportunity to castigate the U.S. on the Vietnamese issue.

Nevertheless, whatever their illusions about American politics, Mongolians universally admire and covet American technology. In time, this impulse must overcome the archaic fears of capitalist wickedness. And now the U.S. no longer considers itself bound by the 1961 deal, tacitly supporting Chiang's—and Mao's—absurd territorial claims, and we appear eager to exchange envoys openly, with the dignity that the Mongolians expect.

For all concerned, the sooner the better.

END

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UNDER THE ARDENT GREEK SUN, NATIVE DAUGHTER MELINA FEELS

MELINA MERCOURI REHEARSES "NEVER ON SUNDAY" FOR BROADWAY

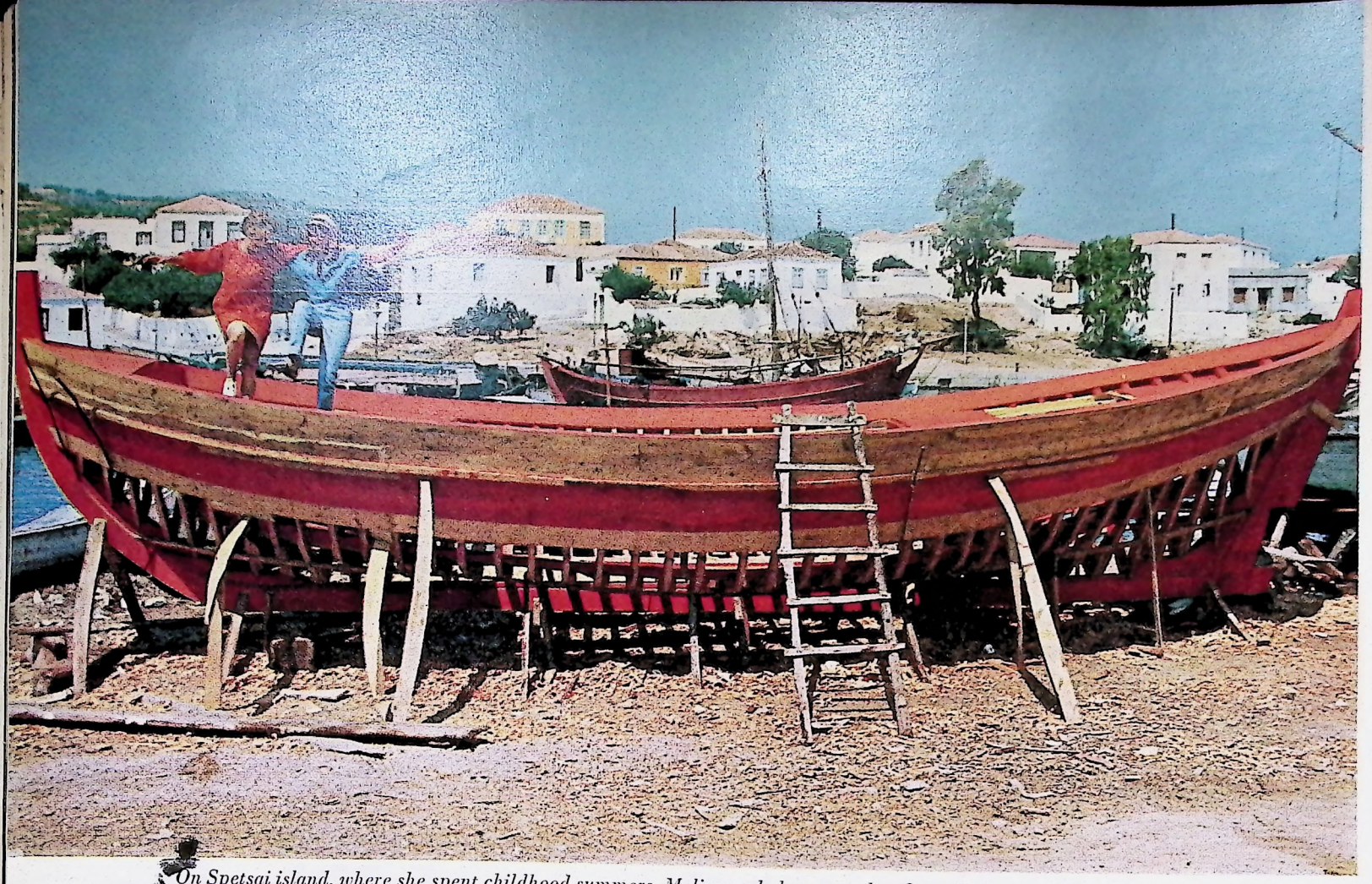
"THRILLED WITH MYSELF AS I START SOMETHING VERY NEW": A SINGING, WHIRLING VERSION OF HER GREAT ROLE.

In the bounty of Athenian sky, sea and sun at Piraeus, Melina says: "My first stroke of luck was to have been born in Greece; my next, to play Illya."

THERE SHE WAS, dancing again at the luminous Piraeus waterfront of Athens and on the Greek isle, Spetsai: Melina Mercouri of the stupendous eyes and laughter that embrace the world and tell you to grab life, here and now. The ghost of her alter ego, Illya, the girl of *Never on Sunday*, had lured Melina and husband, writer-director Jules Dassin (at left), back to these places of their biggest triumph. In 1960, they made *Never on Sunday* there for $125,000, and it went around the world to earn them millions. As pictured here, the Dassins spent the summer in Greece. During what she calls "the transparent velvet night, when you speak and sing so easily until the dawn comes up," they hatched fresh adventures for their heroine in a musical version, renamed *Illya Darling*, opening this month in Philadelphia and on Broadway in March. Affectionate memories of Melina's earthy Illya brought in an advance of over $1,000,000 three months before the show opened. This is Melina's first musical. "I feel young again, starting something new," she says. "For me, the new thing is that I will sing Illya, dance Illya, things she was born to do. She will now be complete."

continued

PRODUCED BY JACK HAMILTON
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL A. VACCARO



On Spetsai island, where she spent childhood summers, Melina and choreographer Onna White go overboard over a caïque *fishing boat.*

Emotions build in Melina's face as her palm is read at a café. With her is Despo Diamantidou (left), her co-worker from Never on Sunday, *who is also in the musical.*

MELINA CONTINUED

"I have always played the bad girl, the strong girl...."

At her Spetsai villa, she lets go in the caressing Love, Love, Love *with show's composer, Manos Hadjidakis.*

Fiercely, Melina threads her golden *koumboloi* (worry beads) through her restless fingers. Can she make it in her first musical, especially in her husband's America, which has the world's greatest tradition of musical comedy? "If I came first to you in a tragedy, I would not be so frightened. I have acted the tragedy in plain air before 20,000 people without the microphone. If you thought our tragedy no good, I would say, I know tragedy better than you Americans—I am Greek, no?"

In *Illya Darling*, she has eight songs and three elaborate dance numbers to perform—"all the book is me, Melina"—requiring her to be onstage the entire evening, except for a 30-second sprint to change a dress. Her throaty contralto speaking voice has risen through special training to a musky mezzo. Her tawny tomboy body and long, strong feet are naturals to help her dance through the show: "I have sung and danced to the *bouzouki* all my life. Always—even at 18—I have played the bad girl, the strong girl, never the sweet little ingenue."

The heroine of *Never on Sunday* is the world's most popular prostitute. Why? Because of the way Melina plays her. "I don't think of her as a tart," she says. "Illya is a queen, she is Cleopatra by Dassin, she has the courage of life. She is generous; she wants the world to be happy. She may be a little afraid, but she refuses to see anything ugly, and miracles can be accomplished that way. Illya is Dassin's greatest gift to me. I am always hungry as an actress."

continued

Greek film star Nikos Kourkoulos is a leading man —a waterfront sailor—in his first American show.

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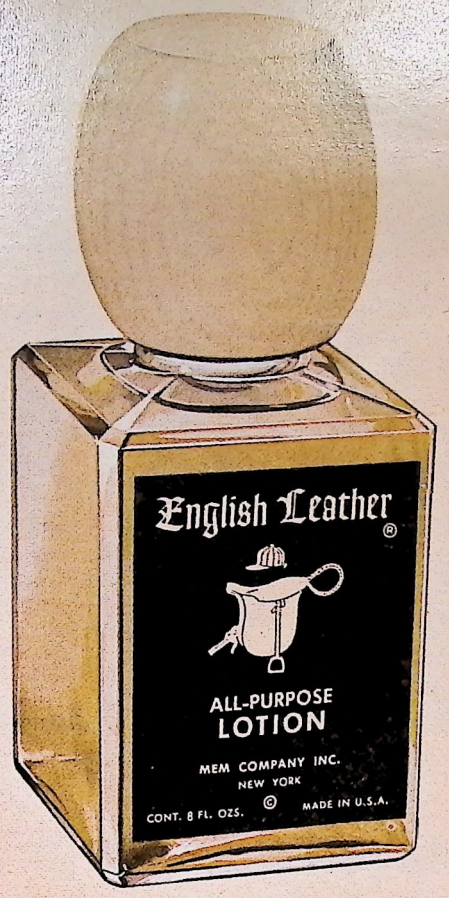

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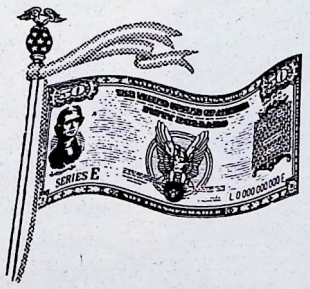

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"I am ashamed of nothing, so I will tell you everything."

She lives at the top of her emotions for reasons quite logical to her—she's a woman, an actress and a Greek. Even when she first met her Dassin, she staged a big scene. At the Cannes Film Festival in 1955, his smart crime thriller *Rififi* won a first prize over her own somber *Stella*. Melina wept loudly before all the people because "I WANT THIS PRIZE. I AM DYING FOR THIS PRIZE. Dassin came to my table and was charming and told me these things are nothing, but of course, he had the prize, and I had nothing." But Dassin, an expatriate American during the McCarthy period, was attracted to Melina and followed her to Greece. She was the direct opposite of his own serene and soothing personality, and he studied her Greek moods for the European films they made together: *He Who Must Die, Never on Sunday, Phaedra* and *10:30 P.M. Summer. Illya Darling* is their first stage collaboration and the fulfillment of their old dream of working together in Dassin's home country.

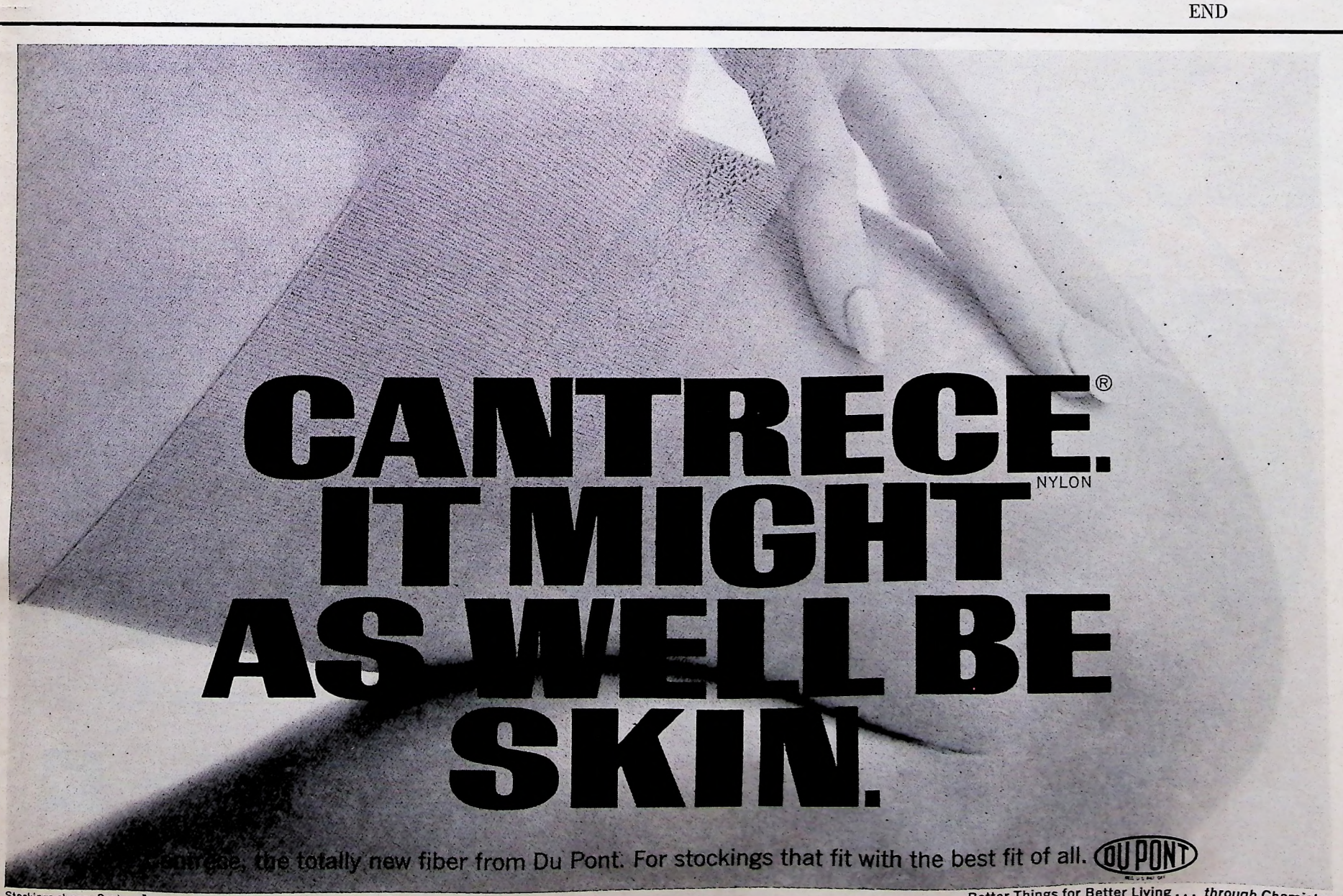
In Greece or America, life with Melina is wakeful. Her household also includes her mother, lifelong Greek friends and servants, cousins, children, pets. She speaks with her arms and legs and hands and feet and with all her guts. She provokes, she maddens, she starts to-the-death arguments about sex, politics, life, and then hurls embattled words across the room like knives, mischief flaming in her preying eyes. Her colors are the passionate reds and yellows of a luxurious living plant, and she gives the impression of knowing everything about love. In her view, "The American man has a virginity until he is 80 years old, and that is marvelous. You think you are the first woman in his life. And the European man? You know you won't be the last, even when he's 80." The people she likes, she treats like lovers, forever. The people she dislikes, even the powerful (such as film producer Jack Warner), she annihilates with eyes that cut through steel. When she opens up, warmed by sympathy (because, beneath the swagger, she hides her shyness), she speaks utterly without fear about herself, unafraid that her words or opinions might destroy her. She believes marriage old-fashioned in our time for those no longer young who want to live together. Why marry if there are no children, she asks. "To give the name? . . . What man wishes to be the husband when he can be the lover?" But, at last, she did marry her Dassin, after all the complications and ten years of living openly and proudly with him, and this contradiction also amuses her. She says she would kill for love and does not wish Dassin to work with other women: "With a Jeanne Moreau, danger. I WOULD WALK OUT ON HIM AND KILL." Middle moods, just as middle people, bore her. When low, sometimes when idle, she succumbs totally to tomblike despair. Nobody in her populous household can touch her. "I am not the kind of woman who can take drugs or be drunk or make orgies." She goes into a dark room and smokes and reads without reading and "tell myself things."

Her laugh and lustiness are large and devouring, and she says: "I am an actress because I wish to live many lives, many emotions, and in reality, I am a megalomaniac who has always to be first—never, never the second woman."

Writer-director-lover, now husband, Jules Dassin has filled most of her recent life, working with her since they met 12 years ago.

The day arrives when she walks out, renewed, into the light to talk and laugh again and turn the Greek music up strong. But every day, she is tortured, though gaily tortured, and that is part of her Greek way, and something you have to get used to. She has a mania for her work and is never entirely pleased with herself. The men she most "adores" are the writers: She has known Cocteau, Sartre, Marcel Achard and, of course, Dassin, and is brazenly looking for "a Mr. Tennessee Williams, perhaps, to see something in me to write a play." (She is a famous Blanche DuBois, of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, in Greece.) Her life is always a fever pitch of hunger for work. Although she understands all about the life of the poor, she is from an upper-class Greek political family; she trails mink in the grand manner. And then, here, finally, a look at Melina at work in America, bruised and muttering after rehearsals for *Illya*. You walk with her to the wintry Manhattan street and hope for a taxi. She is astonished: "Taxi?" and she points imperiously to limousine and chauffeur waiting for her. "I am star. I have car." That's the clue to understanding all the many Melinas.

END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TEN OUTSTANDING YOUNG MEN OF 1966

As selected by the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce

WHAT MAKES A MAN OUTSTANDING? For Walt Lane, it's being a horse-and-buggy doctor with a jet-propulsion whip; for Bill Carpenter, it's Medal of Honor courage; for John Putman, it's just being normal.

The common ingredients are pluck and purpose. Each man loses something on the way up: most often, irreplaceable time with his wife and children. The average daily hours logged on the job: 14. Of the ten men tapped by the United States Jaycees from the 18 million between the ages of 21 and 35, each will most likely, if he hasn't already, touch your life in some way. Bob Price makes your leaders, Joe Califano counsels them. Les Brown and Wil Rose swap American products and know-how for world peace.

MORRIS S. DEES, JR.
Publisher

A 30-year-old millionaire sits astride a stallion on his 2,500-acre cattle ranch dreaming of an "instant thereness machine. You could close your eyes and think New York." Alabamian Morris Dees has been spinning gold out of ideas since he was five, when he picked penny pop bottles from the roadside. From pop bottles to scrap iron, he bartered for chickens, sold pullets for pigs, traded two pigs for a cow, swapped cows for cash. In his last year of college, Dees earned $50,000 on student enterprising. Today, he heads up Fuller & Dees Marketing Group, Inc., largest book-publishing company in the South and largest publisher of cookbooks in the nation. This year, he'll sell over 4.5 million books. Dees's "direct mail" money-maker makes $7 million in sales annually, 50 percent to fund-raising groups. In spare time, Dees likes to visit his old fifth-grade classroom out in Pike Road, where he fires the eager children with the fever of free enterprise. "For every invention, there are at least 50 new marketing ideas. Up goes the rocket: Teflon. There has never been a better time."

WALTER W. LANE, M. D.
Family Physician

Floridian Walt Lane is a horse-and-buggy doctor with a jet-propulsion whip. "When I first heard a physician refer to a patient as 'that gallbladder I sent you,' I knew something was wrong." While at med school, Lane disappointed his professors by casting his lot with general practice. As an intern, he stumped medical conventions, politicking for the return of the family doctor. To help him, he developed a simplified method for diagnosing bacterial infections. Using an ordinary glass jar, pretreated culture disk and makeshift incubator, he short-cut a tedious laboratory process. For his brash upbraiding of his fellows and no-nonsense research bent, Lane received the rare American Medical Association AAGP Gold Medal Award. At 32, he has begun practicing "continuing family care" in his hometown, Temple Terrace, where he works to streamline check-up procedures. Some current ideas in the test tube are a scale that punch-cards patients' weights like so much fruit in the supermarket, a do-it-yourself health history that saves 15 physician minutes, a throwaway funnel that assures an uncontaminated urine sample. Lane's target: a really complete physical examination at discount prices. "The most important research today is in general medicine," he claims. Lane has rattled a dry-bones business. "I thought I needed a little new blood," says Dr. Wayne Lafferty, who took Lane on as a partner, "and I got a whole transfusion."

LESTER RUSSELL BROWN
Economist

Les Brown, Special Assistant to Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman, speaks with the humming rhythm of a milking machine. Born on a New Jersey farm, he earned part of his way through college growing tomatoes—1½ million pounds annually. "I chose tomatoes because they fit the school year; you plant in early May and finish harvesting in

continued

PRODUCED BY BETTY BAER PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHARLOTTE BROOKS

late September." Today, the same time-mechanics mainstays Brown's success. "I think I'm the most time-conscious person I know. That's why I wear bow ties and hush-puppy shoes; you don't have to tie 'em or shine 'em."

Brown's corn-silk manner masks the roughness of his chore. As head of the Department of Agriculture agency that coordinates technical-assistance and training programs for the less developed nations, 32-year-old Brown seeks to turn the latchkey on an exigent problem: the steep drop in the world's food supply. Secretary Freeman credits him with personally averting disaster in India last year. "Late last October (1965), I sent Les to India to assess the agricultural part of India's Fourth Five Year Plan. Within ten days, I received a cable from Les stating that . . . unless a massive food-relief effort was mounted immediately, India would soon face the prospect of widespread famine. . . ." Result: the gathering of 600 ships loaded with grain, possibly the largest armada since D-Day. Brown's goal is to thicken the soup of all peoples, in a world that adds a million mouths every week.

WILLIAM S. CARPENTER, JR.
Captain, United States Army

They called Bill Carpenter "the lonely end" because he didn't join the Army football team's offensive huddle. In 1959, he captained the team and made All America. Last June, in the soggy Vietnamese Central Highlands, Captain Carpenter learned what loneliness was all about. Trapped by overwhelming North Vietnamese forces, the 29-year-old officer radioed the command that won him nomination for the Medal of Honor: "Bring air strikes in on top of me. We're being overrun." Carpenter's decision cost American lives, but lives already doomed to enemy fire. His call for an air strike added hundreds of North Vietnamese casualties, provided a breather for the rescue of GI survivors and prevented what could have been a major U.S. defeat. Father of three, Carpenter twice volunteered for combat tours in Vietnam, where he's won two Silver Stars, two Purple Hearts.

JOSEPH A. CALIFANO, JR.
Special Assistant to the President

Eleven years ago, Joe Califano joined the Navy ("I wanted to go to sea") and drew dry-dock pay in the Pentagon. The bright boy from Brooklyn later spent three years with a New York law firm and "got bored with Wall Street" before being swept up in the McNamara wave of the Kennedy frontier. Today, as President Johnson's Special Assistant, Califano is a hard runner on the new track of politics, where nonelectives are leaders in policy making. The famous Johnson nimble-foot pace? "A day here is two days in one. But that's no problem. A lot of adrenalin keeps pouring in." Califano's sleepy sandlot ease makes him appear a puppy in the White House bear garden. How did it all happen? "I went to law school," says 35-year-old Califano, "because my father wanted me to go to a graduate school. I think he wanted me to be a doctor. It turned out I liked the law."

ROBERT PRICE
Former Deputy Mayor of New York City

Bob Price, 34, the electric electioneer of John Lindsay's campaign for mayor of New York is the Earl of Warwick of the new city politics. Away from the job as Lindsay's campaign manager, he organized Rockefeller's only successful 1964 primary for President, gave advice to a dozen other Republican hopefuls. Give him a candidate, and he'll make a king.

Last month, irascible Bob left his job as deputy mayor of New York to become executive vice-president of the Dreyfus Corporation. Why? "People saying 'no' is what motivates me." At City Hall, the challenge was gone. And the excitement went with it. In addition, Price is a restless administrator, irked by pomp and ceremony. For Price, the quarry was not half as much fun as the chase. Of his sometimes not-so-sunny disposition: "People say I'm arrogant. Well, I am, or I wouldn't have lasted the job."

RALPH NADER
Lawyer, Author

Sloe-eyed Ralph Nader, author of *Unsafe at Any Speed* and paladin witness of the Senate investigation of the automobile industry, lopes along with the mournful slouch of a battle-weary foot soldier. But when he talks of his one-man stand against bigness, he's a bubbling Bill of Rights. "No longer is the individual free to speak the truth against powerful bureaucracy. It takes exceptional courage and sacrifices of time, money and privacy. Sacrifice shouldn't be necessary." His interest in safety fired in his Princeton days. At Harvard Law, he concentrated on the law of accidents and injuries. Later, he deserted private practice to frisk the industry for facts. "The more I inquired, the more doors closed. Every time a door shut, I was determined to open two more, and I got bruised some in the shuffle."

David-like Nader, now 32, may study other Goliath-sized structures. His dream: "to eliminate the double standard of responsibility between the individual and the institution."

JOHN L. PUTMAN
Industrial Psychologist

"What's outstanding about being normal?" asks John Putman, 27. "Unfortunately, people expect the street-corner scene, or broom-selling door to door." Putman is an industrial psychologist and the youngest executive with SPACO, Inc., in Huntsville, Ala. He's also blind, the victim in his teens of a congenital retinal deterioration. Putman's handling of his disability astounds. As a student, and later a college professor, Putman conducted experiments in audial perception and job placement for the blind. Once, on eight month's stay in New York, unaided by cane or dog, he tried out for 90 jobs. In half, his prospective employer was not told of, and never suspected, his handicap. In addition to his job at SPACO, Putman delivers 200 speeches a year as an in-the-flesh advertisement for the human potential. Sunny-spirited Putman, 42 times a wedding attendant, and a tenderhearted tease, thinks "people don't laugh enough. That's the secret of my success; I love to laugh."

SANFORD GREENBERG, Ph.D.
White House Fellow

"I was just an ordinary kid born in America who had the chance to get the best education ever known. I say a lot good about this country." At 26, Sandy Greenberg has compounded more kudos than most people dream of in a lifetime. Rendered almost totally blind at 19 by glaucoma, Greenberg pumped mileage out of his disability. Marrying a compressor to a tape recorder, he invented a device for "compressed speech" that eliminates random milliseconds from the spoken word and enables the ear to catch 1,000 words a minute. (Rapid speaking crams only 200 words a minute.) As president of his own research company, Greenberg broadened his interest in information systems. Current projects: an oral typewriter, "expanded speech." On a one-year tenure assisting the President's science adviser, Greenberg may blister Washington with his barnstorming brand. "I predict the computerized President. Funneling information up the channel of advisers is obsolete."

WIL ROSE
President, People-to-People.

In an age when a trip abroad excites no more than a string of postcards home, Wil Rose's act of involvement stands alone. On a 1957-8, research trip to 22 countries, Rose noticed that simple "how-to" problems long since solved by American technology plagued other nations. Back home in Palo Alto, Calif., he sank his life's savings in DATA International, nonprofit clearinghouse for technical and other aid to less developed countries. Today, DATA calls on 1,800 experts throughout the U.S.A., has answered over 6,000 queries from 128 countries. Examples: "How can we prevent bats from eating our guavas?" "How do you build bricks that don't melt in the rain?"

Now 35, Rose is president of People-to-People. Here, he hopes to rebuild the organization as a generating station for nearly 1,000 volunteer agencies and 975,000 volunteer programs. From this "octopus of disorder," he aims to untangle the snarl choking "the independent sector."

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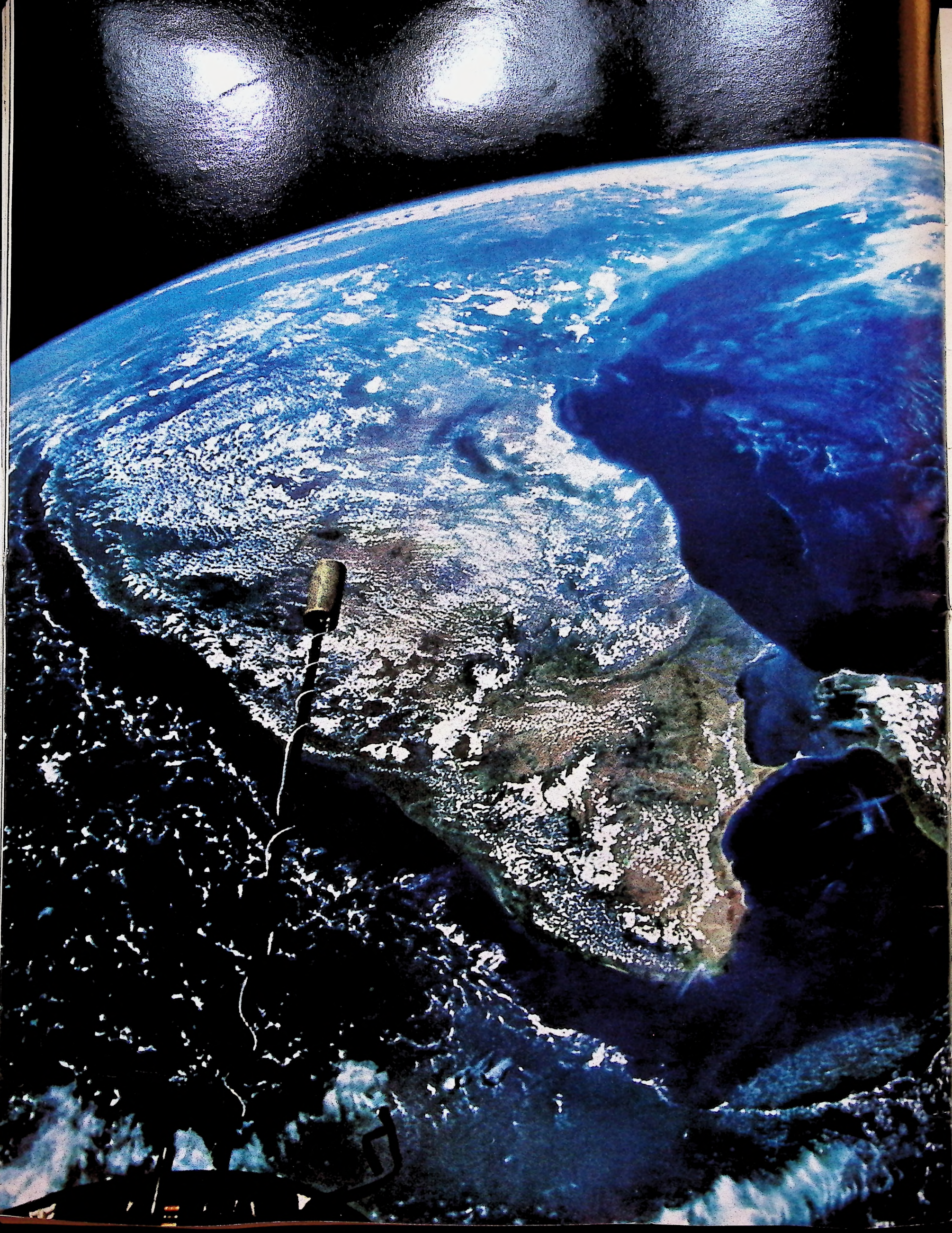

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India, from 540 miles up. Official NASA photograph from the flight of Gemini XI. Charles Conrad, command pilot; Richard F. Gordon, pilot. At lower left is antenna of Agena docking vehicle as seen through Gordon's window.

All in a dog's life

What do you do when a newborn lion loses its mother? The answer is as clear as milk—get a dog to suckle him. Mirza, a willing French dachshund, was pressed into service.

Sultan, now six months old, has just passed from milk to meat. But he and Mirza refuse to be separated.

Mirza is a tyrannical parent. She gets kind of sore if Sultan eats first.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL HOLTZ

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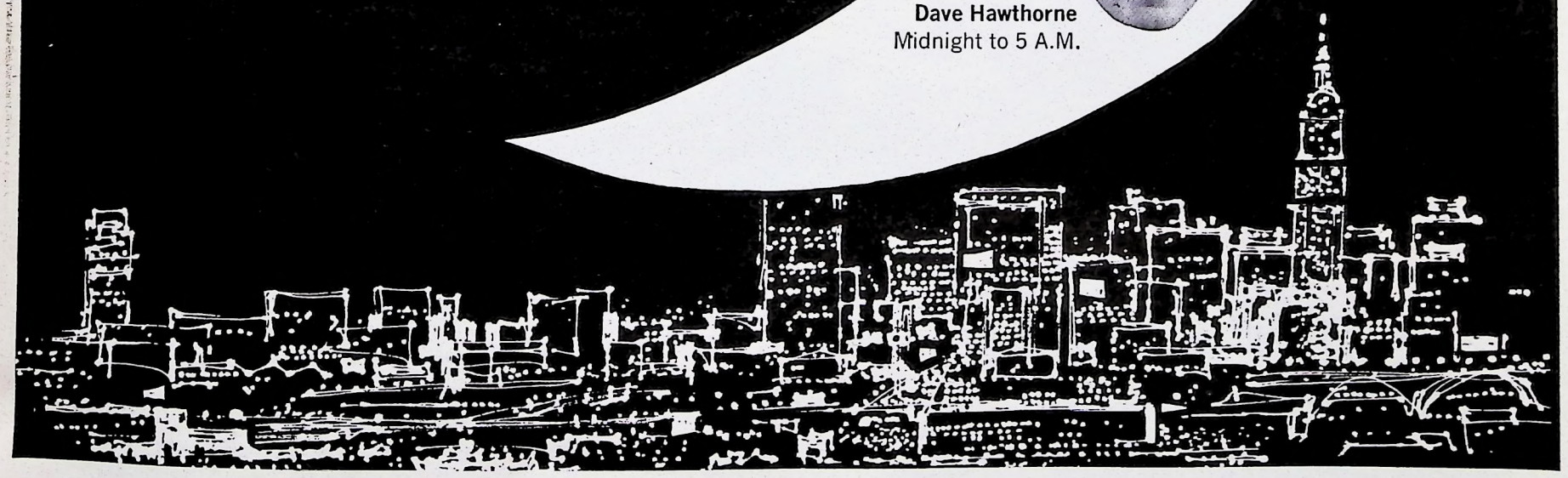

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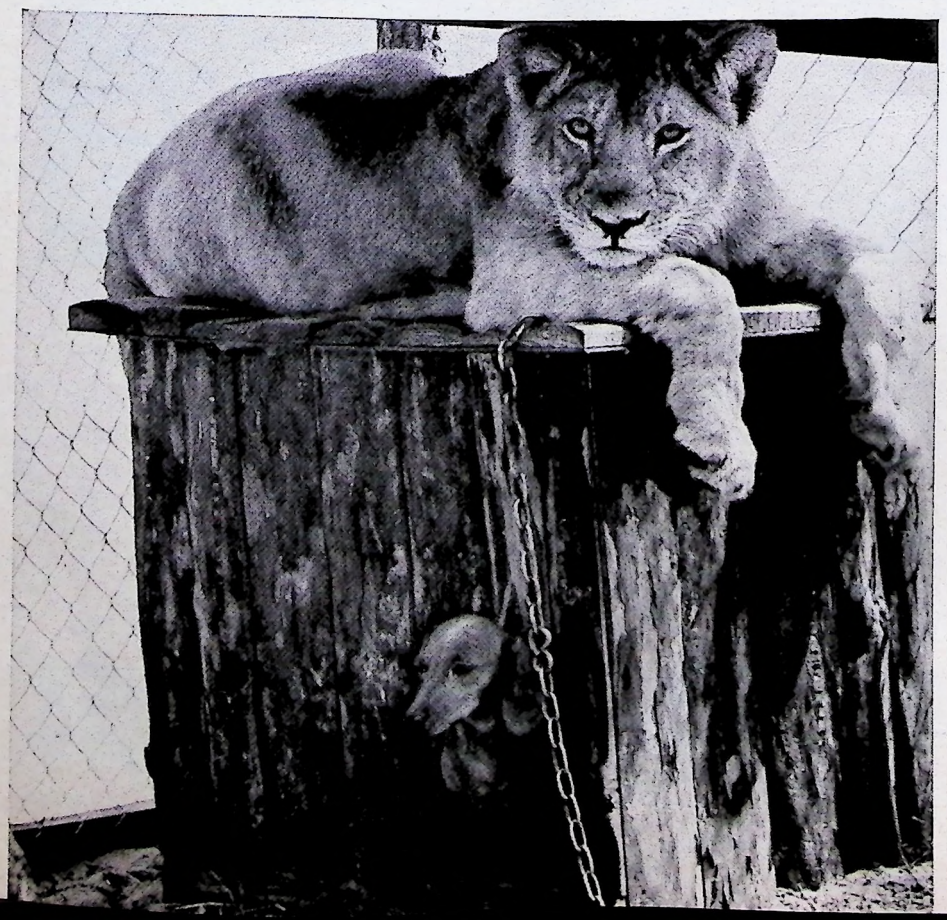
Human mothers often get this feeling. To Sultan, however, this is a show of affection.



Sultan has his own hangout. But he insists on sleeping with, and guarding, his ex-mother.

VIA:

. . . Ocracoke and Ile de Port Cros — Costa Smeralda and La Costa Esmeralda — blackjack in Gibraltar and shemmy in Saint-Tropez — bazaars in Bombay — bellydancers in Beirut — London bargains that pass for Balenciagas — Bavarian drafts at Fasching, Newport drafts plowing a steady course, Zurich drafts to finance a Cézanne from Sothebys — 160 m.p.h. in a bullheaded lamborghini — 60 m.p.h. in a Rhino-chasing lorry — Casalbuono and Castel Gandolfo . . .

. . . in VENTURE, The Traveler's World, a new magazine that was invented to keep up with the pacesetting, mid-twentieth-century traveler . . . answer to the dust-catching collection at the bottom of reception-room reading.

VENTURE . . . staying loose, poking, probing, "in" before it goes "camp," out before the camp followers, summits so remote Lowell Thomas hadn't heard of them until only a year or so ago, when someone started straddling the peaks with hotels.

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VENTURE . . . the new: Costa Smeralda, Aga Khan's multimillion-dollar Sardinian retreat scraped together out of bare rock, scrubland, barren shore and no roads. Now, eighty-two of the best beaches in the world, yacht harbor, a complex of astounding hotels, apartments and villas with a blend of Moroccan, Mexican and southern Italian architecture against the rugged, unchanged terrain; above all, protected privacy, not another Cannes.

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VENTURE . . . the impossible: Robinson Crusoe's island, fact or fiction? VENTURE went voyaging and dashed against one of the Juan Fernandez group off the coast of Chile. There it was as in 1686 — the cave ("I worked to make this room or cave as spacious enough to accommodate me") — the hill (" . . . from which I saw my fate") — the footprint ("I stood like one thunderstruck") . . . the island, that of Alexander Selkirk on which Defoe based his tale.

VENTURE . . . the imposing: Impressive portfolio binding for library collection or cocktail-table thumbing — different three-dimension print on the embossed cover of each issue (no gimmicks or glasses needed) — 8¼" x 11" periodical size — average 180 pages, over one-third in vivid, lifelike full color — printed on three premium-grade paper stocks, enamel-coated for body copy and lustrous photography, textured for VENTURE/GUIDE Section that supplements each featured area with complete glossary of what the traveler needs to know (how much to tip the taxi driver in Tokyo, ricksha driver in Hong Kong, money exchange in Morocco, best buys in Beirut, best fishing in Patagonia).

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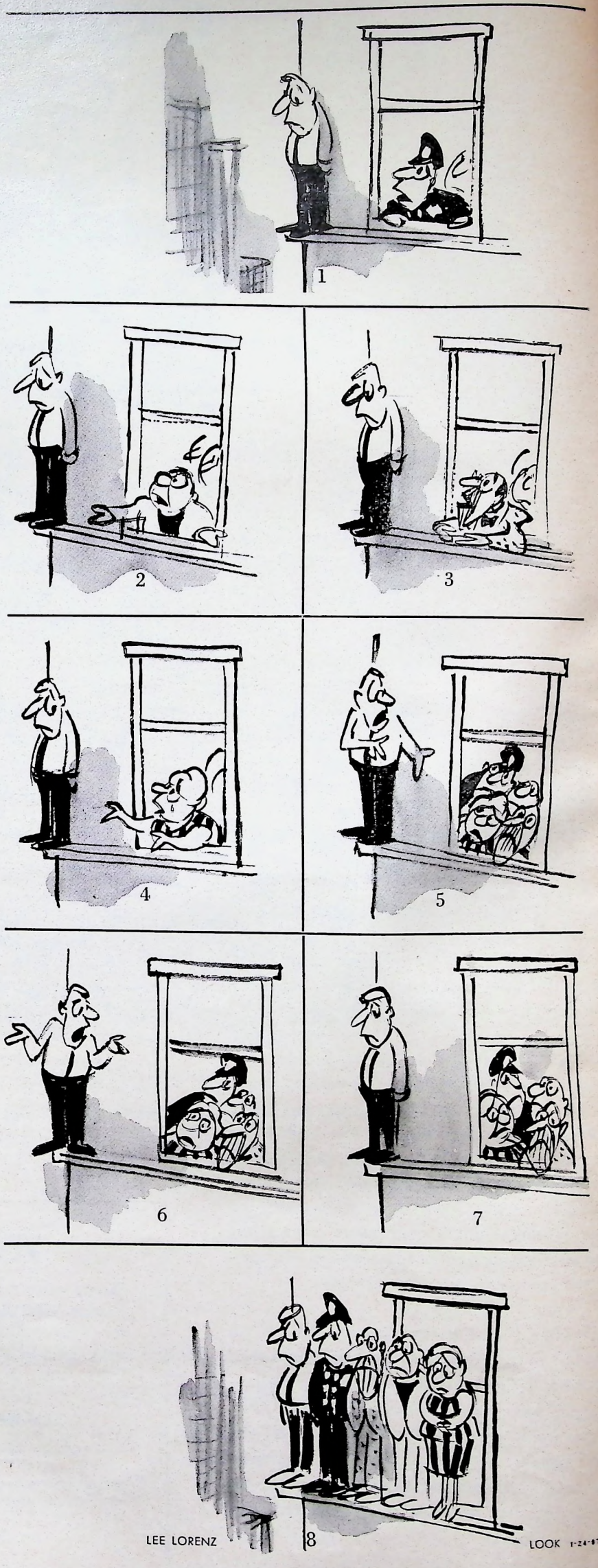

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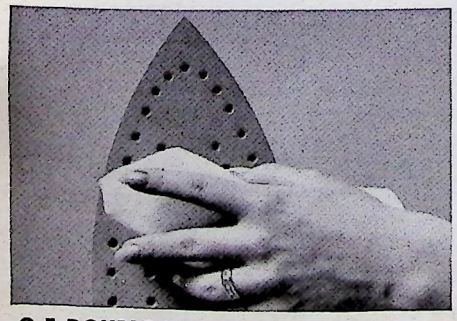

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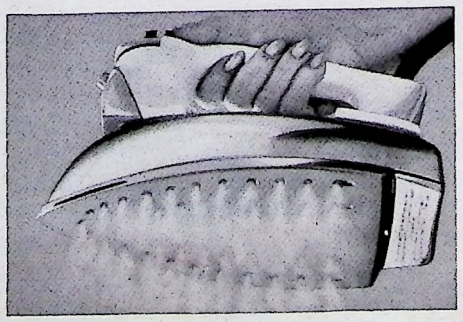

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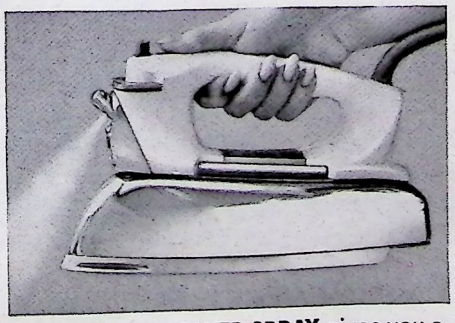

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Who Will Control the GOP in 1968?

WITH THE FIRST HURRAH of the 1968 fight for the Presidency a little more than a year away, you hear a lot about how the South and the West will pick the Republican candidate. And, the talk goes, he will be a conservative who might just pin back the ears of Lyndon B. Johnson—or whoever else the Democrats put up—and thereby avenge the humiliating rout of 1964.

The underpinning of this analysis is the *bonus delegate* rule adopted by the convention that nominated Barry Goldwater for President in 1964. The rule parceled out delegates for the 1968 Republican convention. It arbitrarily gave four to each of the 50 states. Thereafter, it offered power in exchange for performance: If a state went for Goldwater or elected a Republican governor or senator, it won six additional delegates as a bonus; also, a state drew one delegate extra for each congressional district that gave at least 2,000 votes to Goldwater or a congressional candidate, plus one more delegate for each district where that vote totaled 10,000 or more.

The 1964 and 1966 election results, figured against the bonus rule, handed the South the biggest bloc of delegates for the 1968 convention. The 11 states of the old Confederacy, together with Kentucky and Oklahoma, will have 356 of the 1,333 delegates. The West, also gaining, will send 262; the East, 355; and the Midwest, 352. In percentages—leaving out Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands—the lineup looks this way:
South—*26.7 percent;* East—*26.6 percent;* Midwest—*26.4 percent;* West—*19.7 percent.*

On paper, this sets the scene for a South-West coalition that could control the convention. There is considerable speculation, given the conservative impulses in the two regions, that 1968 may therefore turn out to be 1964 revisited. The real winners of the 1966 elections, in consequence, would be the Republican conservatives, whose favor has shifted from loser Goldwater to winner Ronald Reagan. The real losers, along with the disarrayed Democrats, would be the Republican moderates, who have spawned so many claimants for their fealty that, like The Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe, they don't know what to do. It would seem, then, that it's curtains for Gov. George Romney of Michigan, Sen. Jacob K. Javits of New York, Richard M. Nixon of nowhere in particular, and all moderates evincing the nominee syndrome.

Not necessarily so. The shape of the 1968 Republican convention cannot be foretold today. It will be decided by (1) the public-opinion polls in the spring and summer of 1968, (2) the results of the various Presidential-preference primaries beginning with New Hampshire's in March, 1968, and (3) the convention's evaluation of George Wallace's maneuverings for a Dixie-based third party. The convention won't be 1964 all over again, although it conceivably could resemble 1952, when the delegates gave their hearts to the late Sen. Robert A. Taft of Ohio but their votes to Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower because Ike looked like a sure winner and Taft did not.

In 1964, the overall mood of the convention's professionals was that it didn't really matter who was nominated, because no available Republican could beat President Johnson. The polls showed a bare 35 percent for Goldwater against Johnson, the same for Nixon, and even less for Govs. Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York and William W. Scranton of Pennsylvania. Also, Goldwater had knocked himself out raising money for the party and had won the big California primary. The conservatives, furthermore, were screaming for "a choice and not an echo," and the moderates—correctly assessing the middle-road temper of the country (which is now almost universally recognized) but squabbling over who their leader should be—decided to let the conservatives fall on their faces.

In 1968, it is unlikely that another Eisenhower will come riding into Convention Hall on his charisma. Charisma is something you have or don't, as President Johnson is discovering to his despair and Sen. Robert F. Kennedy to his delight. It cannot be developed. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Wendell L. Willkie, Eisenhower, John F. Kennedy —they all had it: a force of personality that provokes deeply emotional, often irrational, commitment to their leadership by great masses of people. Both Romney and Nixon lack it, and if newcomers like California's Governor-elect Reagan and Senator-elect Charles H. Percy of Illinois have it, they have a year to make it work for them.

The gauge for victory-scenting delegates in 1968 will be, as it was in 1964, the polls and the primaries. If one man stands out above all the others in these hallowed measures of popularity, he will get the party's nomination. But if there is a dead heat by two or more, either as likely winners or likely losers, party unity will be the watchword—and perhaps that is what Nixon is counting on. In any event, the months between now and then are all the time that's left for a Romney, a Reagan or a Percy to substitute solid substance for the question marks they are outside their states, or for Nixon to shuck his shopworn aura.

The big thing any Republican Presidential nominee would have going for him in 1968, aside from national writhing over the cancer of Vietnam, is the wreckage of the Democratic organization. It has been rotting since President Kennedy's Inauguration in 1961. Degraded and abused by both Kennedy's "Irish Mafia" and Johnson's "Texas Mafia," the Democratic National Committee floundered, rudderless, in the 1966 campaign.

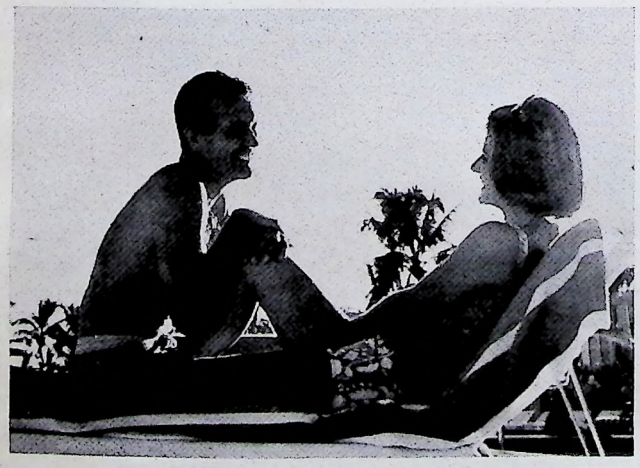
John M. Bailey, the National Committee's power-stripped chairman during those six long years, hardly lifted his eyes from Connecticut, where he dotes on also being state chairman, while Democrats took a licking in most of the rest of the country. Even when pressed later about reports he would be sacked, he couldn't kick the habit. "During most of October, I was here in Connecticut," he said, "and we won beautifully."

Lyndon Johnson set the example for such parochialism in 1964. So intent was he on winning by the whoppingest margin ever that he offered very little coattail to lesser Democratic candidates. The time, money and effort were concentrated on Number One. Last fall, there was no coattail at all. He was off to the Far East or headed for the hospital during the critical days of the campaign. Thereafter, he sulked, seemingly immobilized by self-pity. Publicly, he had little to say about the Democratic defeats, Vietnam or his lack of personal popularity as reflected in the skidding polls. But privately he fretted, spitting out the words "my critics" like a witch's curse.

Time is short for him too. He has to find a way to keep Wallace from splitting the Democratic party in the South. He has to revive the party in almost every state. He has to wrestle with a restive Congress bolstered by a battalion of new, high-quality Republican members. But, and this is monumentally more important, he also has to show the American people a clear path out of the Vietnamese jungle, one way or the other. He has a little over a year to succeed.

WARREN ROGERS

Jet into June. Fly a United Sunbird to Florida.



"It sure was a short winter."

Leave winter to the other birds and fly with us to Florida where it's always June in January.

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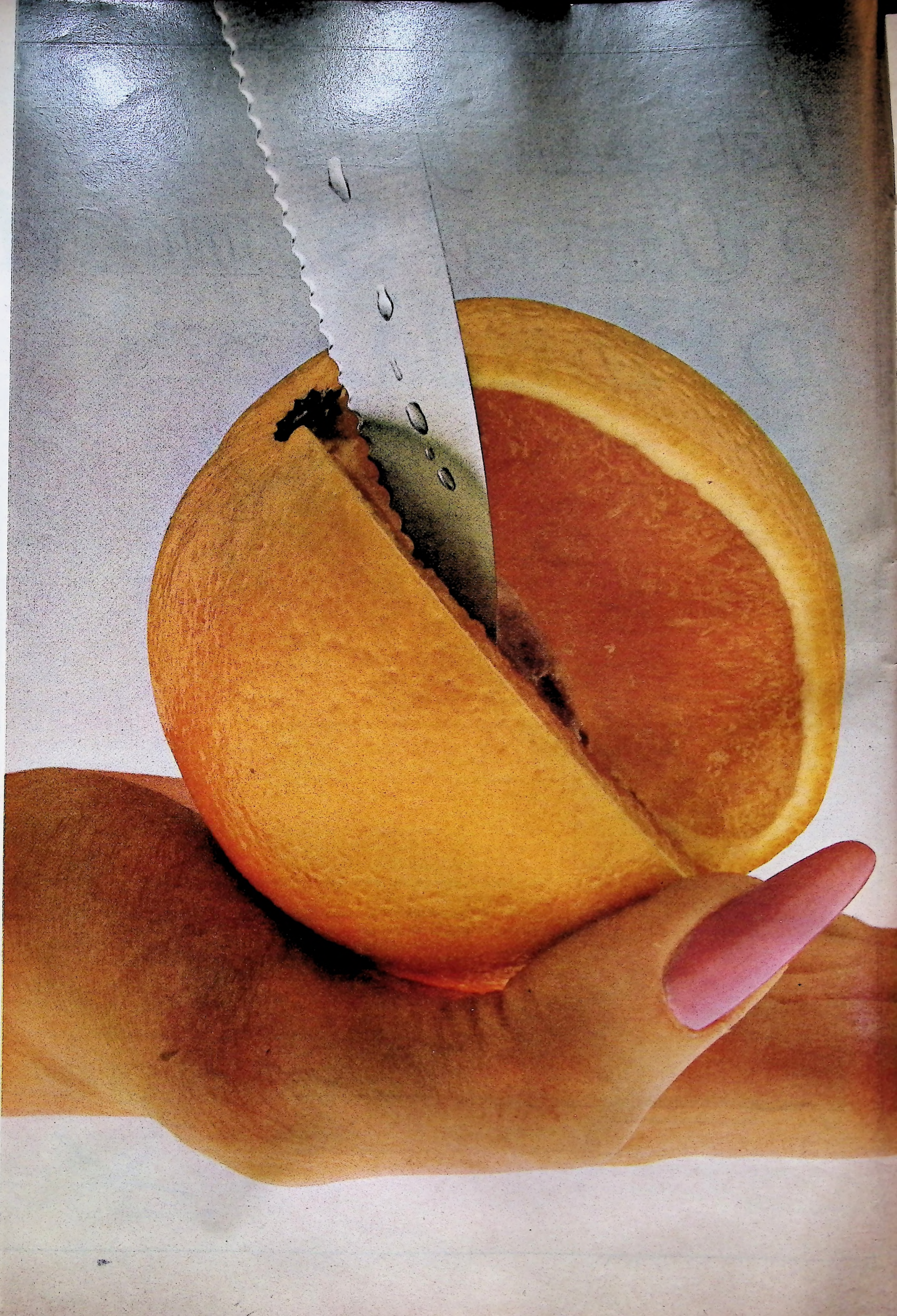
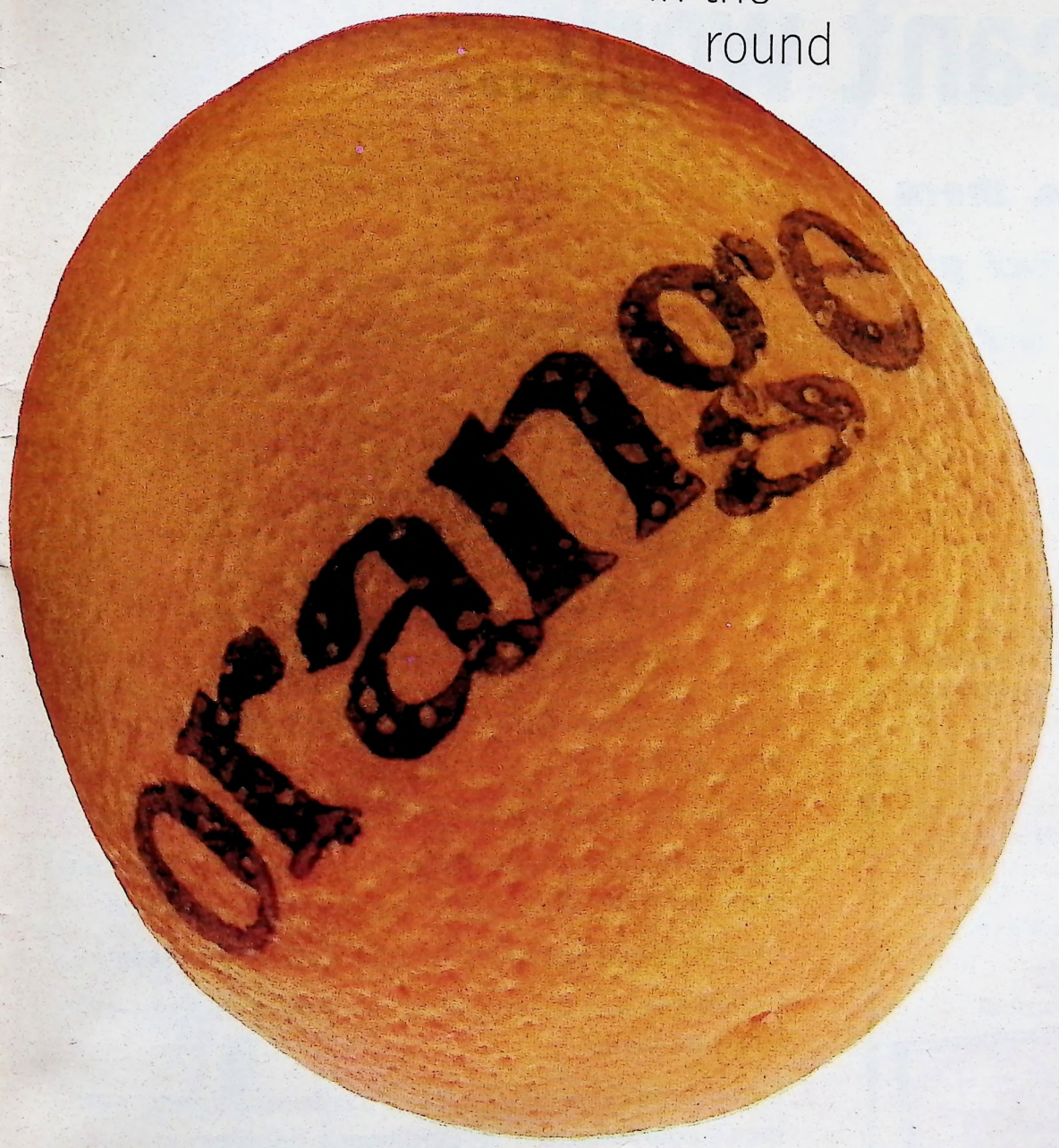
See your Travel Agent or call United Air Lines. Join the Sunbird Crowd. They think winter is great. For other people.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"My golf handicap?—me!"



Perfection in the round



Americans have gone out on a limb for oranges. We consume more of them than any other fruit . . . over six million tons is this year's sunny estimate. Most of the sipping, munching and otherwise relishing goes on now through March. That's when fresh supplies are at a peak, most welcome and most colorful against winter's slush and sleet. Yet color doesn't always signify ripeness; some oranges are golden while unripe, turn green again as they mature. In any case, marketing unripe ones is illegal in the U.S. Both thick- and thin-skinned varieties do right by the cook, but the seedless (five pips or less) slice better. Here: six recipes and one question. How long is it since you've enjoyed a fresh, ripe orange out-of-hand? It's a pleasure well worth reviving. **Sicilienne Potatoes:** Boil 1 navel orange in water to cover 30 mins. Drain, slice, pit, chop fine. Set aside. Boil tender 1¼ lbs. potatoes, skins on. Drain, peel, sieve or rice. Cook soft 3 tbsps. minced onion in 2 tbsps. butter. Add orange, ½ tsp. sugar, 1 tsp. salt, fresh black pepper. Cook 5 mins., add 2 tbsps. milk. Beat in potatoes, 1 egg. Taste for seasoning. (This much can be done ahead.) Put tablespoonfuls of potato mixture on oiled baking sheet. Flatten with wet fork. Bake 15 mins. at 425°F. Serve bottom side up with roast duck, pork or ham. Serves 6-8. **Hot Shrub:** Heat in glass or enamel pan 3 cups orange juice, 1 cup cider, ¼ cup sugar, 6-inch cinnamon stick, ½ tsp. powdered nutmeg, 6 whole cloves, ⅛ tsp. powdered ginger, ¼ cup bourbon (optional). Pour into punch cups over fresh orange slices. Makes 4 cups. **Chestnut-Orange Compote:** Remove peel, pith from 6 oranges, using serrated knife. Cut into segments. Mix with 1 jar (9 ozs.) marron (chestnut) pieces-in-syrup. Chill 3 hrs. Serve with almond wafers. Serves 6. **Endive-and-Orange Salad:** Remove peel, pith from 4 oranges. Cut into segments, drain. Slice 6 endives diagonally 3 times. Mix 2 tbsps. cider vinegar, ¼ tsp. each salt, chervil, fresh black pepper. Whisk in 6 tbsps. olive oil. Toss salad with dressing. Serves 6-8. **Apricot-Orange Mousse:** Simmer 2¼ cups dried apricots, 1 cup water, ½ cup sugar ½ hr.; uncover last 15 mins. Puree-blend with 1 can (6 ozs.) frozen concentrated orange juice, ½ tsp. fresh grated orange rind. Whip 3 egg whites; whip in apricot puree ⅓ at a time. Chill. Serves 6-8. **Orange-Dressed Lamb:** Cook soft 2 tbsps. chopped onion in 2 tbsps. butter. Add to 1 cup fresh white bread crumbs with 1 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 tsp. each fresh grated orange rind, chives, ⅛ tsp. each thyme, marjoram, salt, black pepper. Bind with 2 tbsps. orange juice, ½ large egg, beaten. Pat on 3½-lb. (after boning) loin of lamb. Roll up, fasten. Brush outside with remaining egg mixed with 2 tsps. orange juice. Roll in ⅔ cup more crumbs, ⅛ tsp. salt. Roast 50 mins. at 350°F. Serves 6.

PRODUCED BY ELIZABETH ALSTON
PHOTOGRAPHED BY HIRO

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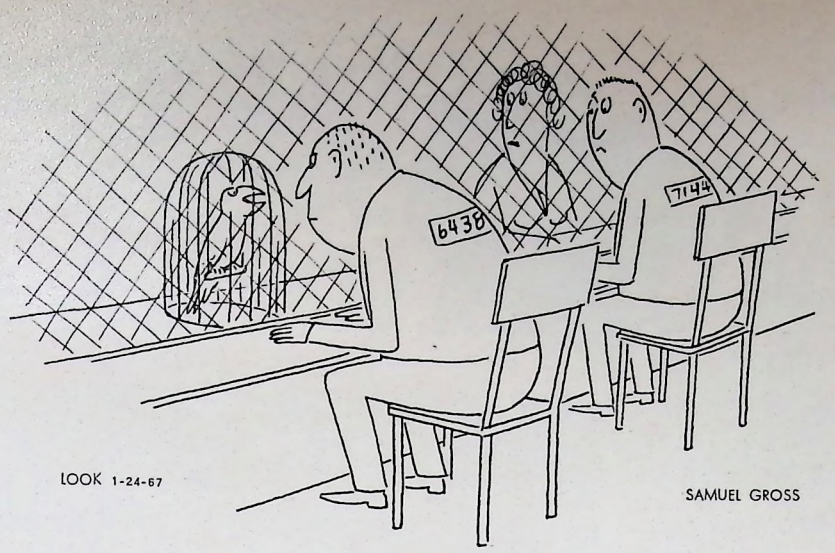
"She's all right, but this chap has a broken crown."



MODERN ROMANCE

What will we say
When the children, someday,
Want to know how we happened to meet?
Will we smile and explain
That we met in the rain
On some out-of-the-way little street?

Will we, rather, recall:
A magnificent ball
Where we waltzed till the morning appeared?
Or protesting the Bomb?
Or the Peace Corps in Guam,
Where we served when we both volunteered?

Or in Chemistry One
Where my mind was undone
And you gallantly offered to tutor?
Or, under duress,
Will we bravely confess
We were matched by some doting computer?

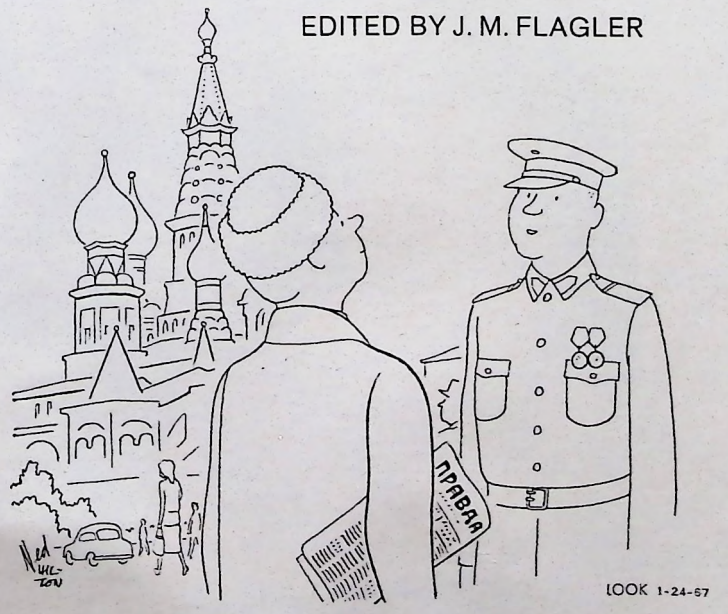
GERRY RICHELSON

LOOK ON THE

LIGHT SIDE

EDITED BY J. M. FLAGLER

"Miss Benedict, bring me that tape of the Christmas party."



"Oh, I've known some nice individual Chinese, but as a group. . . ."

The New York Knicks' Willis Reed stuffs 6-foot-10-inch frame into unyielding phone booth.

PRO BASKETBALL'S TALL MEN

IN THE WORLD of professional basketball, the little men, speedy guards who patrol the backcourt and detonate the attack, range between the 6-foot and 6-foot-5-inch mark. The tall men, forwards and centers who play up front, stretch from 6 feet 5 inches to a shade over 7 feet tall. As the shock troops of modern basketball, they engage in hand-to-hand, elbow-to-jaw and knee-to-ribs combat. Unlike the spindly bean poles of past eras, these supple giants match size with proportionate weight, strength and quickness. They may consume close to 5,000 calories a day, but sweat off five to ten pounds in a 48-minute game.

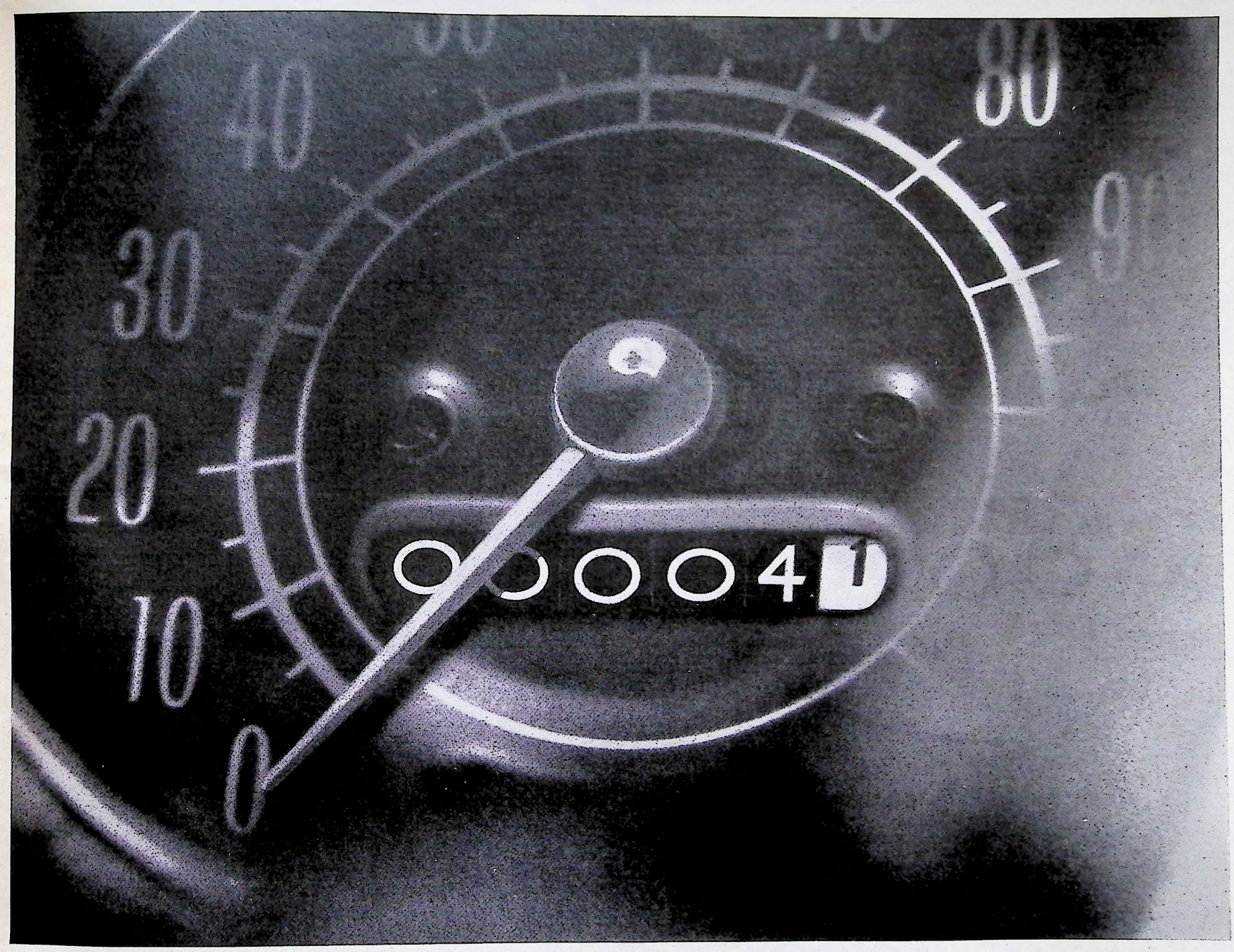
A Gulliver's life in a world built for smaller people can be difficult, particularly on road trips. Staring eyes betray sideshow curiosity and track the big ones through air terminals, streets, lobbies. Plane, bus and taxi dimensions force them to squeeze and scrunch; hotel beds seldom reach far enough to cradle court-battered ankles, and tired queries about how's the weather up there test good humor and, eventually, self-control.

continued

Daughter Veronica's stargazing pays off with smile from Daddy (left).

PRODUCED BY WILLIAM J. MCKEAN
PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS R. KOENIGES AND JAMES HANSEN

The time to think about selling a car is before you buy it.



When it's all said and done, most of us buy a new car because of how it looks and handles. Which helps explain all of the '67 Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs you see on the road. But we at General Motors have always thought a new car should bring you more than just new car excitement. We think it should bring you a good return on your investment come trade-in time, too. And resale prices show our GM cars do just that. In fact, most GM cars historically have the highest resale values in the industry. And indications are that history will repeat itself again this year. Look to the General Motors mark of excellence. It's your sign of a car that will look as good to the second owner as it will to you. It's something to think about.

Look to the General Motors mark of excellence

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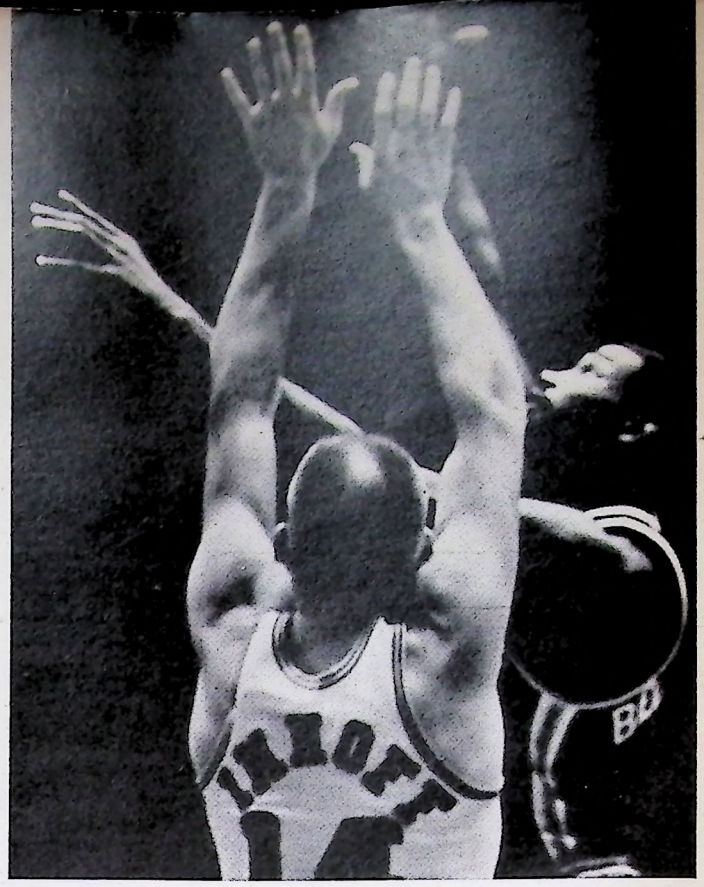

Bellamy times his jump and shoots over hands of Darrall Imhoff of the Los Angeles Lakers. Both total almost 14 feet of manpower.

"You're a basketball player?" Bellamy: "No. I'm a jockey."

"I don't consider my size as too much of a handicap," says Walt Bellamy, the tallest player on the New York Knickerbockers. At 6 feet 11 inches, weighing 245 pounds, Bellamy saunters through hotel lobbies across the country in well-tailored suits, sunglasses, a turned-up brim hat, with the ramrod posture and cadence of a British drill sergeant. "The only trouble I encounter," says Bellamy, "is adjusting to the time difference when we travel from New York to California. It takes me almost two days to relax. But I'm no different than most businessmen who travel. Basketball is my business, and road trips are a part of my job."

Another Knick, 6-foot-10-inch Willis Reed, takes road life in his long stride. "When the beds are too small, I just shove a chair over to the foot of them for the extra space I need," says Reed. "As for the corny remarks," he adds, "we ignore most of them. We even have our own jokes. Someday, when they ask, 'How's the weather up there?' one of the big guys with nerve enough might just spit and tell them it's raining." At a hotel in San Francisco, Walt Bellamy was singled out in a crowded elevator by an eager tourist who challenged: "I know what you are—a basketball player, right?" Bellamy replied, "No, sir. Actually, I'm a jockey."

Understandably, the tall men find the comforts of home more relaxing than most returning travelers. Willis Reed's refuge is on the second floor of a two-family house in Queens, N.Y. A small portion of chewed stair railing clues visitors to the protective instincts of his German shepherd, Duke. Upstairs, Reed can finally sprawl out on his over-sized recliner and watch color television on a portable set he received for his All Star recognition last year. He can also sleep late in the morning in his queen-sized bed. Karl Vance, 3½, and Veronica, 1½, are proud of their daddy. After all, what other father on the block can lift his children as high as theirs can? Willis Reed doesn't seem to miss much in life. Or does he? "Well," laughs Willis, "I wouldn't mind having another queen-sized bed for my wife. Then I could have this one all to myself."

The hotel bed (left) proves no match for Walt Bellamy's 6 feet 11 inches.

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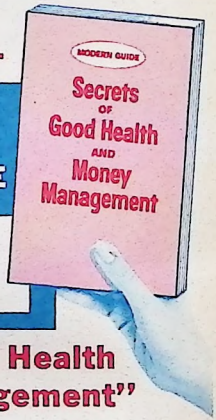

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